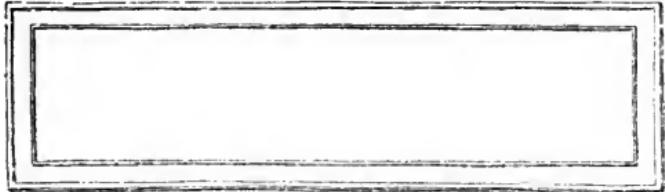
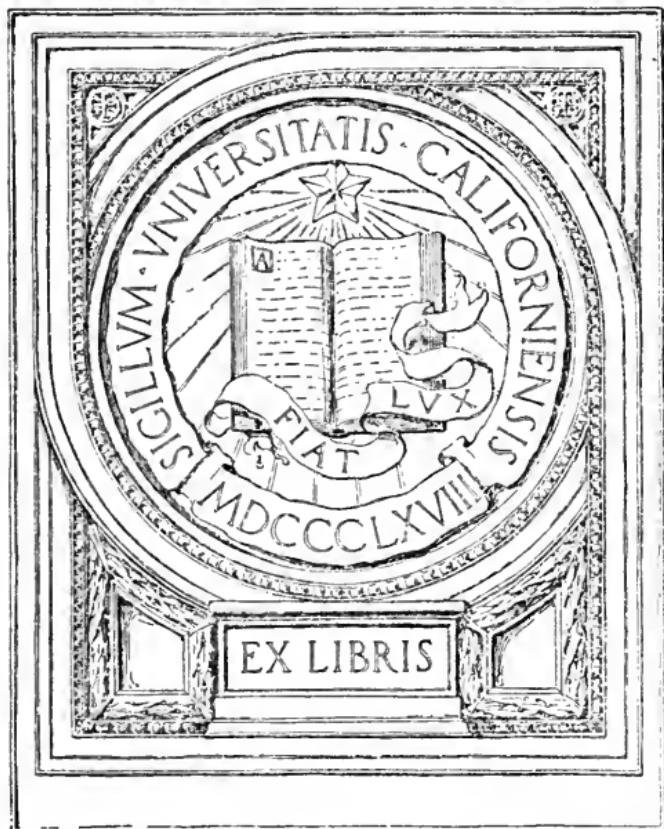




UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES



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POEMS

BY GEORGE LUNT



BOSTON
CUPPLES, UPHAM AND COMPANY
1884

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AMERICAN HISTORY
IN BRIEF
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WILLIAM
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P O E M S.

THE DOVE AND THE EAGLE.

IN that soft season of the year,
When early daisies first appear,
And new-born violets dare unfold
The freshness of the virgin mould ;
When airs, of late so wild and rude,
With soothing whispers stir the wood,
And wakening nature feels the power
Of genial sun and kindly shower,
And the sweet season's influence
Breathes softening over every sense ;
An Eagle, king of some high peak,
'Mid icy cliffs and breezes bleak,
Returning from the troubled shore
Where mingling winds and waters roar ;
His lordly stomach gorged with prey
From screaming sea-hawk snatched away,
As stately onwards sweeping through
The fields of heaven's celestial blue,

Though his wild eye in upper air
Not oft encountered sight so fair,
Yet full before the bird of Jove
Sailed swiftly on a snow-white Dove.

The Dove was far too conscience-clear,
To entertain a thought of fear ;
And whether 't was his recent foray
Had made his appetite so sorry,
Or the sweet influence of the season
Had brought his kingly maw to reason ;
Or, since the Lion, as some think,
From virgin innocence will shrink,
Our pure and gentle friend could awe
The king of air by nature's law ;
'T is certain some strange courtesy
Half softened in his wild gray eye,
And in his altered voice might seem
Something this side his usual scream.

Addressing her, which was but reason,
Since speaking first to kings is treason,
Just as one overtakes a neighbor
Returning home at eve from labor,
With compliments and easy chatter,
And such preliminary matter,
They kept along with friendly feather,
And sailed their airy way together ;

'Till on a hill-side, where a block
Of bold, gray, weather-beaten rock
Stood jutting out, but hung so high,
Poised midway 'twixt the earth and sky,
The brook beneath, with gurgling flow,
Sent up no murmur from below,
And scarce a stunted pine-tree fluttered
As sobbing winds around it muttered,
Our new-made friends, quite social grown,
Saw fit occasion to light down,
And thus of things that touch the nation,
Discoursed in serious conversation.

“I, my sweet friend,” quoth royalty,
“Who roam o'er earth and air and sea,
And, just to nature's sovereign sway,
Make all that I can seize my prey,
That grand and ancient rule of might,
Which is unquestionably right, —
Have frequent thoughts come o'er my mind,
And chiefly after I have dined,
Following on any slight refection,
Comes food for serious recollection ;
Of this strange instinct, deeply planted,
By which my regal breast is haunted,
Which makes me quite forgetful grow,
Of wild or gentle, high or low,

The moment hunger's strong suggestion
Presents the interesting question,
Decided soon, betwixt refining
And the necessity of dining ;
Come quarry then within my swoop,
And morals all go cock-a-hoop.

“ Yet when from some such airy height
As this, commanding ample sight,
I look beneath upon the plain,
And man, who claims consummate reign,
And view the selfish, squabbling creatures
Defile their hearts and soil their natures,
'T is then my royal stomach rises,
To watch their tricks and mean devices,
And my own conscience, that before
Creaked like some ill-made, wind-swung
door,
Forgetful of its former twinges,
Works as if borne on fresh-oiled hinges.

“ You pretty one, whose gentle life
Knows little of my fiercer strife,
But whom your station leads to see
Much general society,
Fain would I know, in honest part,
How these things strike your simple heart.”

“ Right noble Sir,” replied the Dove,
“ Our life, indeed, is one of love ;
Not we, with reverence be it said,
Prey on the living or the dead ;
Our daily food some scattered grains,
Picked, here and there, with wondrous pains,
And quite remote from every trouble,
Save now and then some barn-door squabble ;
Such momentary miffs as rise
When this or that one finds a prize,
Domestic bliss thence grows completer,
As passing clouds make sunshine sweeter.
Our lives thus passed in peace and quiet,
On good, plain, wholesome, honest diet,
Whence best philosophers agree
Come purest thoughts, ambition free,
We circle through the yielding air,
Unvexed by life’s absorbing care ;
To live and love our one desire,
To naught beyond our souls aspire ;
My very heart the thought would harrow,
To turn the feather of a sparrow,
Nor would my conscience let me stifle
Things you, great Sir, might deem a trifle.
We see this world, as on it scrambles,
Find roses much more scarce than brambles,
Deducing such unwholesome fruit,
From selfishness, its bitter root ;

But hold our rule, that every brother
Is happiest helping one another,
And best displays his Christian part,
By act humane and kindly heart.

“Perhaps these rustic things I mention
Scarce worthy your serene attention ;
No life we lead among the great,
Nor comprehend affairs of state.”

“True, gentle friend,” the Eagle said,
And somewhat tossed his haughty head,
“’T is plainly to be seen your station
Precludes much general observation ;
And yet I muse that this world’s folly
Has never made you melancholy.

“Methinks that common sense and reason
Have grown, at length, quite out of season ;
No more the heart and soul heroic,
No more the virtues of the stoic,
No more the counsels of the sage,
No more the reverence due to age,
No more the burning, generous youth
That pants for glory, lives for truth ;
But blank conceit and weak pretence,
And morals shallow as its sense ;

Its ancient honor all polluted,
Its old, plain, manly mind diluted ;
For good, strong, honest, homely thought,
Stuff made of dreams and cobweb-wrought,
And all that fired, and all that shone,
Dimmed, quenched, extinct, contemned, and
gone ;
So much confused that once was glorious,
And silly mischief half victorious ;
This, my dear friend, the social state
Which makes me sadden at its fate.
This world is sick, you may be sure,
Beyond all art or nature's cure,
A mighty monster, HUMBUG hight,
Has clutched it fast and holds it tight.

“ Hear its reformers from the gutter
Their new-found moral notions utter,
And Truth would seem but just begun
To show its face beneath the sun !
Their darkened minds catch some faint gleam
Of holy Light’s perennial beam,
And owl-like fluttering, who but they
Discoverers of the God of Day !
One just has gained a glimmering notion
Of Heaven’s high claim to man’s devotion,
And straight he leaps the whole relation
Of man, time, place, degree, and station,

Despises what is only real,
Grapples the abstract and ideal,
And what he jumps to for conclusion,
Would make the universe confusion.

“ Some tippling vagabond starts up
To dash in time the poisoned cup ;
Feels, as he wakes to sober sadness,
This the great sin, — the primal madness ;
And, heedless that life’s noblest use
Might be denounced by its abuse,
Of all true virtue, to his thinking,
The sum consists in water drinking,
And the law, moral and divine,
Means only abstinence from wine !

“ And in this world of good and evil,
Where much seems sadly out of level,
And triumph often crowns the bad,
While virtue suffers and is sad ;
Where wisdom starves and walks alone,
Folly in crowds and overgrown ;
Where fortune waits upon the knave
And this is free and that a slave ;
In such a state, so oddly blended,
But all, no doubt, for good intended,
Since Heaven’s high purpose can educe
From seeming evil real use ; —

Some puny whipster, by this light,
Deems himself born to set all right,
And thinks the very mischief in it,
If he can't mend it in a minute ;
To madness seems completely given, —
Flies in the face of earth and heaven, —
Because his modest innovation,
Fails to remodel all creation !

“No, my good friend, whoever tries
To use, as nature meant, his eyes,
Will find how tends all such philosophy
The mind to cloud, the heart to ossify ;
Uncured as yet life's state of ill,
Though social sophists preach their fill ;
And manly strength and courage high,
And the bold heart's true constancy,
So needful never yet became
To touch life's embers into flame,
To wake it from its sluggish sleep,
To give its nobler purpose sweep,
To free the truth, which really seems,
Half buried under idle dreams,
And cleanse it of this whining stuff,
Of which, methinks, we 've had enough.”

“Sir,” said the Dove, “I grieve to find
Such sadness vex your royal mind ;

Much to which mortals are addicted
I own my bosom has afflicted ;
Old things have lost their old respect,
And good things fallen into neglect ;
In manners there is too much looseness,
In moral sense a strange obtuseness ;
Those ancient words, which once had power
To guide and rule life's varied hour,
Faith, bright with glories from afar,
Honor, of noble minds the star,
Truth, like a cuirass, clasped and prest
Forever on the generous breast, —
The modest mien, that shrinks from vice,
The unsullied soul, beyond all price, —
Such things are shorn of half their worth,
Since transcendental light broke forth,
A mocking, flickering, feeble ray,
Fit to lead fools the downward way.

“ Even I, who seldom speculate,
Am vexed at times with much debate,
Disturbed in mind with strange confusions,
Touching the end of these delusions ;
Since modern socialists have free sent
Their doctrines, neither wise nor decent,
And, flagrant in their false ambition,
Even unsexed women preach sedition.

“ Yet should not we, with honest hearts,
Act as we may our several parts,
Nor while these sinners blow their bubbles,
Distress ourselves with needless troubles?
This world wags on, blow high or low,”—
“ Nay,” quoth the Eagle, “ say not so;
It quite delights me to discover
You sometimes think these matters over;
And, though my nature prompts to war
By *regum ratio ultima*,
And, in our state of imperfection,
To this I see no just objection;
Yet Heaven forefend that I should prove
Traitor to Heaven’s high law of Love.
But, in this world of rampant vice,
We need discrimination nice;
To love the bad were scarcely just
Like those who most deserve our trust;
And to keep peace with all things evil,
Seems much like treaty with the Devil.

“ Believe me, friend, this world’s affairs
Demand profoundest thoughts and cares,
Lest, ’mid the turmoil, heat, and passion,
Truth grow entirely out of fashion.
Poor husbandry it were, ’t is plain,
To burn the field of golden grain,

Because the tare's unwholesome weed
Springs neighbor to the bounteous seed.

“ And yet such shallow casuistry,
Scarce fit for Epicurus' sty,
Has vogue enough to cheat the many,
Led by some jack-o'-lantern zany,
Pregnant with unsubstantial schemes
Wrought out of cloud by John-a-dreams.

“ Little they reck, to gain one point,
Though all things else get out of joint,
And, for some partial good, would deal
Woe to the universal weal.
Nothing is more absurd to see
Than this miscalled philanthropy !
High, holy, pure, the gracious plan
Which bids man love his fellow-man ;
Yet who can honor him, whose breast
For one pet wrong neglects the rest ?
Who, reckless of time, mode, and season,
Pushes conclusions out of reason ;
Till his philanthropy, indignant,
Assumes a type but too malignant ;
And zeal, turned gall, begets a spite
To all but his own rule of right,
And mounts him on his special evil,
To ride it to the very devil !

“ Give me that patriot love, whose glow
The manliest, gentlest bosoms know,
That, with the statesman’s wiser soul,
Protects the part, maintains the whole ;
Not his who, mad for any cause,
Hates his own country and her laws ;
Her Constitution’s starry glory, —
Each gallant theme that gilds her story,
All other rights of man or woman,
All other things divine and human ;
Because such slight considerations
Withstand his wiser inclinations !

“ One man conceives that non-resistance
Involves no serious inconsistence,
So he hold off from clapper-claws,
Whate’er the license of his jaws ;
Though he is very far from chary
In choice of his vocabulary ;
Than Ancient Pistol no more nice is
In language, or than King Cambyses ;
In conscience he is far too tender
To Cesar Cesar’s things to render ;
Though social order’s strong defences
Protect him from harm’s consequences ;
But flouts the LAW, whose holy fiat
Maintains the universal quiet,

And sovereign, when he wakes or sleeps,
His silly head from mischief keeps.

“And thus it comes, that he whose mind
To its own lot has felt resigned,
Who always led a quiet life,
Apart from this world’s fever strife,
Has loved his country and obeyed
The laws, which all his safety made ;
Honored his betters, — did his duty,
And all whose days were daily beauty ;
Who spoke no scandal, writ no libel,
But feared his God and read his Bible !
And hoped that virtuous means would tend
To win, at last, the good man’s end ;
Why such, who honor earth, and give
Heaven’s holy lesson how to live, —
Why such, so pure, so true, so wise,
If yet they breathe beneath the skies,
Our modern witlings view with loathing,
As just precisely good for nothing ;
So useless, so behind the age,
Superfluous laggards on life’s stage !”

“And yet, methinks,” rejoined the Dove,
“Our gentle life of sinless love
Presents an ever bright example,
And proves a panoply most ample

Against those ills you so much dread," —
And more, perchance, she would have said, —
But, as some blessing often springs
Beneath misfortune's brooding wings,
So frequent, in our proudest hours
Some unexpected evil lowers ;
And thus it happened, as she spake,
A slimy, creeping, deadly snake,
(Who, by his one idea so blinded,
The king of air had never minded,)
Regardless of the law of love,
Like lightning sprang upon the Dove !
Round her white neck his folds enwreathing,
Had stopped the fluttering creature's breath-
ing ;
But that the Eagle, who astounded,
By such impertinence confounded,
A second stood, — then like a thought
The intruder in his talons caught,
Stretched all his loathly length before him,
And to a thousand ribbons tore him !

Serenely turning, not a ruffle
Received from such inglorious scuffle,
But with that air of satisfaction
Which waits upon a virtuous action,
(While the poor Dove stood trembling by
With quaking heart and drooping eye,)

“ My lovely friend,” the Eagle said,
“ Your foe, thanks to the stars, is dead ;
Chase then away this sad dejection,
And find some lesson worth reflection.

“ This world of ours, beyond debate,
Is but a very mixed estate ;
Unvalued half its virtues shine,
Its pearls are cast before the swine,
And folly sweeps its noblest things,
As down flies on the whirlwind’s wings,
Or autumn leaves, flung on the river,
Float downwards till they sink forever.
Helpless, alas ! your very sweetness,
Without my strength and fiery fleetness,
Against such creeping, noisome creature,
Of sordid heart and grovelling nature ;
And if my counsel you would ponder,
’T would teach you not from home to wander,
Since from such harms your innocence
Would prove, I fear, but weak defence.

“ For might I, madam, dare propound
Advice which I conceive most sound,
For feathered creatures fit and human,
For every Dove and every woman, —
It is, that all their loveliest graces
Shine most in their appropriate places,

Swaying, at home, with gentle art
Their mighty empire of the heart ;
Not circling round in distant flights,
Nor gadding out, in quest of rights.
For rights unmeet that women gain
Do but sophisticate their reign,
Break through life's holiest, sweetest trance,
Dispel the dream of young romance,
Defraud them of that proud submission
We gladly yield to their condition,
Are treason to that empire clear
Rulēd by the law of smile and tear,
And could they think it worth pursuing,
Would only end in their undoing.

“ And now a something at my heart
Tells me, sweet friend, 't is best we part,
You for the softer walks of life,
I for the crag, the storm, the strife ;
And, to be plain, as I 'm a sinner,
Some intimations touching dinner,
Unsafe for you, my lovely guest,
Unworthy of my royal breast,
Urge me to end our conversation
By swallowing you for my collation ;
Fly then in time, adieu, adieu ! ”
And down the yielding air she flew,
While he, on mighty pinions spread,
Up to his crag-built eyry sped.

RESPUBLICA.

WHEN Greece, in arts and arms supreme,
Rose sovereign o'er her darkened age,
And lent its old, immortal theme
To grateful History's burning page :

When words, like arrows winged with fire,
Touched hearts that kindled at the flame,
And Song, re-echoing to her lyre,
Heard the far voice of coming Fame :

Then Freedom kept, a guarded mound,
That fortressed rock, where Athens sate,
And Wisdom's soul, divinely crowned,
Its sheltering genius, held the State.

Resistless Thought its vital beam
To bard and sage and hero gave,
That long has lit Time's upward stream,
And shines eternal on the wave.

This was her boast, and is her pride,
The old Republic's stern behest ;
That mind to answering mind replied,
And they who swayed her were her best.

This wrote her story with the stars, —
She perished! how, her annals tell;
Hate, envy, meanness, all that mars
And Folly ruled, as Greatness fell.

Then Force, and Fraud's barbarian will
Rose o'er the nobler mind's decay,
And sank on tower and templed hill
The twilight shades that closed her day.

This golden moral Eld unrolls,
O proud Republic! to thine eyes;
Bids thee love most thy noblest souls,
For Freedom sinks when Honor dies!



BALLAD OF BUNKER HILL.

FAST fled morn's shadows gray,
And with the breaking day
Our hearts grew still;
But ere that ruddy beam
Tinged Mystic's silent stream,
Flashed the red cannon's gleam
By Bunker Hill.

Last eve the stars looked down,
And from the distant town
We heard — “All's well!”

Sternly and still, all night,
How grew our bulwark's height
We and that starry light
Alone could tell.

Morn saw our rampart crowned,
Nor pierced our turf-clad mound
Their iron storm ;
Then ceased that fiery shower ;
Gathered the foe his power ;
Welcome the desperate hour —
His squadrons form !

Out spoke our leader, then :
“Freemen are ye and men —
The tyrant comes !
Bravely your fathers stood,
Yours too is English blood,
Up — never cause so good —
God and your homes !”

Then, sight no fairer seen,
That day, on summer green,
Saw June's sweet sun ;
Such merry airs they played,
Were so gallantly arrayed —
Did they march to parade ?
Gayly begun !

We from our fort's low crest,
Our muskets down at rest,
 Glance in a row ;
There, not a drum-beat stirred,
But "Steady!" — all we heard —
"Keep your fire, wait the word,
 Then, boys, aim low!"

Up, up they rush, — they cheer
Must we stand idle here
 And tamely die ?
"Fire, fire!" the order came ;
Heavens ! what a burst of flame !
True every marksman's aim —
 They fall — they fly !

Close on our left a shout —
At our outwork a rout —
 Hurrah ! he runs !
Right-about go musketeer
And reeling grenadier,
Brave Putnam on their rear
 Plies his big guns.

Broken, they fly the hill,
Our shot with right good-will
 Follows them fast ;

Drooping, they reach the plain,
Like stalks of trampled grain,
Where the storm-driven rain
 Beat, as it passed.

Then, lowered a murkier cloud
On battle's lurid shroud —
 Ah, cruel flame !
They fire yon helpless town —
Suits this a king's renown ?
Perish, then, England's crown,
 And kindred name !

They form — brief space they grant —
Not one rebuff must daunt
 Stout English hearts ;
Quick-step their columns tread,
Pigott, none nobler led,
And Howe is at their head —
 They 'll play their parts.

As rolls the beaten drum,
Up the hill-side they come,
 Firm ranks and fast ;
We pour our fiery hail,
Their shaken squadrons quail,
As saplings in a gale
 Bend to the blast.

Then might our ringing cheer
Beleaguered Boston hear
 Tell how we speed ;
Dashed Clinton from her shore,
His red-coats at the oar,
Never claimed battle more
 Ally, at need.

Away the war-cloud rolled ;
Prescott, our captain bold,
 True soldier known —
He cried — “ One more brave blow,
Once more repel the foe,
And England’s King shall grow
 Pale on his throne ! ”

We fire — they swerve, they halt —
Then, to the fierce assault
 Leap o’er their slain ;
Now, brothers, steadfast stand —
Now for it, hand to hand,
When England’s rallying band
 Charges amain.

By Heavens ! our low redoubt —
Its foot they reach — they shout —
 “ Ours is the day ! ”

Down — down — far redder yet,
With mingled hearts'-blood wet,
Reeks this red parapet,
Ere ends the fray.

Our chief, from rank to rank,
And Putnam, on our flank,
Marked how we stood ;
Stark, grimly calm, was there,
Pomeroy with silvery hair,
Knowlton, none braver were,
Chester, as good.

“He moves once more — ’t is well,
Let every bullet tell !”
So the words rang ;
We thought of Heaven’s grace,
Then watched the green hill’s base,
And the foe in the face
Looked, as he sprang.

Nor now, in desperate strife,
For victory, but for life,
We hold our own ;
Not yet they gain the wall ;
Still scorn we steel and ball,
And comrades, as they fall,
Disdain to groan.

Oh, for one volley more !
Ah, dear-spent flasks, your store
 Fails at the worst !
See, o'er the bastion's verge
Their furious way they urge,
And in, like surge on surge,
 Headlong they burst !

No — not a foot give way !
Club your arms — stand at bay !
 Stoutly we stood ;
Met the sharp bayonet's dash,
The quick, close firelock's flash,
The broadsword's ringing clash
 Gave all we could.

“Fall back !” reluctant cries
Our chief, as from his eyes
 Hope takes its flight ;
And backward, as we go,
Butt to butt, blow for blow,
With our front to the foe —
 So went the fight.

Through dust and smoke and heat,
Step by step, we retreat,
 Inch by inch given ;

Then, deadliest of the whole,
Some random volley's roll
Warren's great martyr-soul
Ushered to Heaven !

As down the lost hill's banks
We move with breaking ranks,
Our sad hearts burn ;
Few shot the foeman flings,
Nor on our rear he springs,
To give the coward wings,
When brave men turn.

We thread the long defile,
The foe keeps fast, the while,
His dear-bought hold ;
Taught, early, to beware
What "rustic" hearts may dare
And we leave a lesson there
Long to be told.

So Bunker Hill was won,
And great deeds, that day done,
World-wide grew known ;
When Victory was but shame,
Defeat, eternal fame,
And Time one blazing name
Gained, all his own !

AT THE SHORE.

I DWELL beside a silent sea,
Where seldom comes the hoarser shout
Of waves in concert with the rout
Of wild winds piping loud and free.

Landlocked between embracing clifts,
The placid swell that fills the bay,
When summer breezes gently play,
The fisher's wherry scarcely lifts.

But when the East flings wide its doors,
And issues forth Euroclydon,
Then the great waves come tumbling on,
And the mad beach tumultuous roars.

Though frequent gallant ships go by,
From Europe and from Indian realms,
Not often their returning helms,
Veiled by the tall clift, meet mine eye.

Yet, sometimes on the horizon's verge
As if a forest fringed the sea,
Of fisher-craft, such company
Out of the morning mist emerge.

To windward peals across the bay,
At times, the fog-bell's sullen boom,
Till for himself the sun makes room,
And mists like shadows melt away.

'Mid foliage deep my dwelling lies ;
Beneath, the green grows bright with
flowers ;
Above, glad birds in summer bowers
Trill forth all day their melodies.

And here, with books of long-cut leaves,
And rural strolls, we pass the time ;
Then the moon's wave-borne rise sublime
We hail beneath our shadowing eaves.

For with me dwell companions bright,
Of sober thought, but spirits gay,
And, well or ill, time glides away,
From night to morn, from morn to night.



THE MAYFLOWER.

SWEET as the honored name
Their storm-tossed shallop bore,
The memory of our fathers' fame,
And green forevermore.

Peace to their hallowed graves,
That consecrate the ground,
Where first a refuge from the waves
Their pilgrim footsteps found.

What mortal sighs and tears
Swelled on that wintry sod !
How cast they all their cares and fears
And every hope on God !

And wild as winds, that sweep
Along the savage shore,
Rose thoughts of homes beyond the deep,
Their pleasant homes no more.

But grander visions greet
Their prophet-lighted eyes, —
They trod the world beneath their feet,
And marched to join the skies.

Triumphant over earth,
Faith, that their spirits fed,
Beamed, like a gem of priceless worth
On each uplifted head.

No flaming sign they sought
To light their venturous road,
They owned the unseen Hand that wrought,
And in His strength abode.

But, to their souls' desire,—
 Though dark to mortal view,—
 The daily cloud and nightly fire
 Shone, clear as Jacob knew.

Vain doubt and fear and care,—
 The desert and the flood,—
 They knew the God they served was there,
 And in His name they stood.

Thoughts, more than human great,
 Came to their spirits' call,
 And thus they built the stable State,
 In Him, their hope, their all.

And far as rolls the swell
 Of Time's returnless sea,
 Where empires rise and nations dwell,
 Their Pilgrim fame shall be !



HAMPTON BEACH.

“O MARE, o litus, verum secretumque museum, quam multa
 dictatis, — quam multa invenitis !” — *Plin.*

AGAIN upon the sounding shore
 And, oh, how blest, again alone !
 I could not bear to hear thy roar,
 Thy deep, thy long, majestic tone ;

I could not bear to think that one
Could view with me thy swelling might,
And like a very stock or stone,
Turn coldly from the glorious sight
And seek the idle world, to hate and fear
and fight.

Thou art the same, eternal sea !
The earth hath many shapes and forms,
Of hill and valley, flower and tree ;
Fields that the fervid noon-tide warms,
Or winter's rugged grasp deforms,
Or bright with autumn's golden store ;
Thou coverest up thy face with storms
Or smil'st serene, — but still thy roar
And dashing foam go up to vex the sea-beat
shore.

I see thy heaving waters roll,
I hear thy stern uplifted voice,
And trumpet-like upon my soul
Falls the deep music of that noise,
Wherewith thou dost thyself rejoice ;
The ships that on thy bosom play
Thou dashest them about like toys,
And stranded navies are thy prey ;
Strown on thy rock-bound coast, torn by the
whirling spray.

At summer twilight soft and calm,
Or when in stormy grandeur drest
Peals up to heaven the eternal psalm,
That swells within thy boundless breast ;
Thy curling waters have no rest —
But day and night the ceaseless throng
Of waves that wait thy high behest
Speak out in utterance deep and strong,
And loud the craggy beach howls back
their savage song.

Terrible art thou in thy wrath, —
Terrible in thine hour of glee,
When the strong winds upon their path
Bound o'er thy breast tumultuously,
And shout their chorus loud and free
To the sad sea-bird's mournful wail,
As, heaving with the heaving sea,
The broken mast and shattered sail
Tell of thy cruel strength the lamentable
tale.

Ay, 't is indeed a glorious sight
To gaze upon thine ample face ;
An awful joy, — a deep delight !
I see thy laughing waves embrace
Each other in their frolic race ;
I sit above the flashing spray

That foams around this rocky base,
And as the bright blue waters play,
Feel that my thoughts, my life, perchance
are vain as they.

This is thy lesson, mighty sea !
Man calls the dimpled earth his own,
The flowery vale, the golden lea ;
And on the wild gray mountain-stone
Claims nature's temple for his throne ;
But where thy many voices sing
Their endless song, the deep, deep tone
Calls back his spirit's airy wing ;
He shrinks into himself where God alone
is king !

SONG.

WITH you, methinks, my every hour
Of every day and every night,
Like creatures winged from flower to flower,
Were only flown for fresh delight.

Your bloom — not so the morning rose
Embosomed in her blushes lies,
Nor deep through midnight's azure glows
A beam to match those lovelit eyes.

And sweet as song, that faints remote,
Of evening's home-returning bird,
Or softer wind-harp's airy note,
Breathes to my soul your whispered word.

Yet, like some pledge of priceless worth,
I hold you in my bosom's shrine,
And deem it joy too dear for earth,
Whene'er I dare to call you mine.

For on your charms I feel impressed
What earthly charms, alas, must prove !
And, folded to a human breast,
Almost divine becomes my love.

And such a love for mortal thing,
So sweet, but oh, so insecure !
Broods like an angel o'er the spring,
And makes the troubled waters pure.



THE CONTRAST.

OLD Volpone, famished at his meagre board,
His heirs exultant clutch the glittering hoard ;
And ingots, heaped 'mid groans and sighs
and tears,
Vanish, with festal shouts and jovial cheers.

Pandect, that shadow pierced by every blast,

'Mid dusty lore evaporates, at last;
He had no heart, yet bent on *doing good*,
To found a college, starves his flesh and blood.

Let the good steward's memory claim its praise,

Whose latest action crowned his generous days;

So Kenyon's death reveals life's noblest end,

Friendly to every muse, and each his friend.
Thoughtful in human love, his wise control

Winged all his liberal gold with mercy's soul;

Hearts, the hard world had wrung, it gave relief,

Taught grateful smiles to blend with nature's grief,

And cheerful hearths, his bounty made more bright,

Glow in a hundred homes with household light.

INSCRIPTIONS,
BY A. STROZZI,
ON TWO STATUES OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

NIGHT.

LA Notte, che tu vedi in si dolci atti
 Dormire, fu da un angiolo scolpita
 In questo sasso, e benche dorme ha vita ;
 Destala, se non *credi*, e parleratti.

The Night thou seest in such sweetest sleep
 Was by an angel sculptured of this stone ;
 Yet lives, though slumber seems her sense to
 steep ;
 Wake her — she speaks — and all thy doubt
 is gone.

SLEEP.

Grato m'e il sonno, e piu l'esser di sasso,
 Mentre che il danno e la vergogna dura ;
 Non udir, non veder m'e gran ventura ;
 Però non mi destar, deh ! parli basso.

Dear sleep to me, to be of stone more dear,
 While shame and wrong my hapless land
 must know ;
 Blest is my fortune not to see nor hear,
 Therefore, awake me not, and oh, speak low !

SONG.

Sung at the festival of the Charitable Mechanic Association of Boston.

AIR — “*Yankee Doodle.*”

CROWN the board with festal flowers,
Fit to welcome Beauty;
Care, good-bye! the flying hours
Summon Mirth to duty.

Chorus. — Joyful bid the banquet flow,
Joyful swell the greeting;
Hearts with hearts responsive glow,
Soul with soul is meeting.

Wit should flash and Music sing,
While they rule the table,
Time may spread his drowsy wing
Catch us, if he’s able.
Joyful, etc.

Crown the hour — let manly skill
Boast its honest story;
Mind and hand and hardy will
Claim the prize of glory.
Joyful, etc.

Conquering Art, thy laurels wear,
Earth and Ocean brightening,

And through subject realms of Air
Speed the storied lightning.
Joyful, etc.

Now while Genius lends his wings,
Mount the fiery pinion —
Break the seal of Nature's springs,
Grasp her wide dominion.
Joyful, etc.

Yet, to-night, let lofty thought
Bend in proud devotion,
Own a mightier impulse caught
From the heart's emotion.
Joyful, etc.

Round the board while Beauty's eyes
Light the kindling rapture,
Art must yield, and Genius lies
Chained in willing capture.
Joyful, etc.



THE SEA.

THIS is that great wide sea, its ocean-floor
Founded, of old, upon resounding caves,
And immemorial rocks, along the shore,
Meet the rough roll of immemorial waves.

Hark to its roar ! To this the rudest howl
Of rended forests were a breathing sigh ;
Earth hath no utterance like this angry
growl,
This strong, deep, struggling, fierce, tu-
multuous cry.

Behold its aspect ! Of itself alone
The sole created image, dread and vast,
Its furrowed face with cruel dimples
strown,
Tokens of future storms or of the past.

He calls us to him, in his frolic moods,
And on his swelling breast we sport the
while,
Or with his curling tresses play, where
broods
Of the sea-waves the innumerable smile.

Touched by the summer moon's soft ray
serene,
And hushed he sleeps, bathed in embrac-
ing light ;
The azure level floats, a silvery screen
Between the dark sea-depths and clasping
night.

Swept by the flying blast's awakening breath,
He leaps to life with one convulsive throe,
His gathering breakers shriek their shout
of death,
And deeps above reply to deeps below.

This is his hour ! let but the angry gale
Peal its defiant trump,— his face grows
dark,—
Out breaks wild war ; down sinks the shat-
tered sail
And the sad surge screams o'er man's foun-
dered bark.

This is that azure sea ! And not a strand
Of Earth, but from those silent depths
and lone,
Summons its loved and lost,— and the green
land
To its perpetual cry utters one moan !



NAPOLEON AND HIS SON.

HE died not in the battle-broil,
Girt by the noble and the brave,
The warlike chiefs who shared his spoil,—
The kings whose realms he won and gave :

No monarch held his sobbing breath,
By that imperial bed of death ;
And save some stern-eyed veterans there ;
Who struggling checked the bitter sigh,
And the priest's voice in muttered prayer,
They left him all alone to die !

But round thy princely dying bed,
Fair scion of so rude a strain !
How many a fruitless tear was shed,
How many a sob repressed in vain !
For thou art dead ! a summer flower,
That withered in one little hour ;
Or like the stately sapling, broke
And ruined by the first rude blast,
While he fell like the gnarled oak,
Beneath the thousandth storm at last.

He died within those niggard walls,
A nation's shame, — a hero's shrine, —
And thou within the palace halls
Of royal Hapsburg's ancient line ;
Pomp chanted forth thy funeral wail, —
His requiem was the rising gale !
And down amid their kingly brood
They laid in dust thy youthful head, —
The majesty of solitude
Received him to his narrow bed !

And loud and sad the sullen bell
 Told when thy soul forsook its clay ;
But louder was the pealing knell,
 When his stern spirit burst away
O'er his lone island fierce and far
 Howled out the elemental war ;
And high above, — beneath, — around, —
 The headlong storm in fury poured,
And lashed and rent the reeling ground,
 And the eternal ocean roared !

His life was like the torrent's force,
 Swift and resistless in its sweep ;
But thine had flowed a gentler course,
 With human virtues full and deep.
He strode from Egypt's pyramids
 To Alpine snows, o'er human heads ;
He rode with victory, — and unfurled
 His flaunting flag to every blast :
He trampled on a prostrate world,
 That turned and trampled him at last !

So should it ever be, — that pride
 May learn how low its loftiest state ;
And they who mourned him, justified
 Such haughty Empire's humbling fate :
His end was like a prophet-word
 To king and Cæsar, — crown and sword ;

But with his offspring's youthful bier
Hope, love and joy went down in gloom ;
France wept the sire — but Europe's tear
Bewailed the son's untimely tomb !

ODE.

Sung at the Inauguration of the Statue of Warren, at Charles-town, June 17, 1857.

SEMI-CHORUS.

On the hill of battle raise
Anthems of immortal praise ;
Honor deck the hallowed ground,
Peace eternal vest it round !
Vigil here shall Freedom keep,
Airy chants perpetual sweep,
Voices from the future rolled,
Echoes of the soul of old.

CHORUS.

On the hill of battle raise, etc.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Solemn swell, triumphal tune,
Wafted on the breath of June, —
Breath that shook the hills afar,
When it bore the shout of war ;

Through the veil of Age's gloom
Call the warrior from his tomb ;
His be all a hero's fame,
His the laurelled martyr's name !

CHORUS.

On the hill of battle raise, etc.

SEMI-CHORUS.

On a grateful people's eyes
Bid the imaged marble rise ;
Freedom's champion, where he trod,
Where his spirit rose to God !
Sacred as his fate sublime
Keep his fame, consenting Time,
Noble 'mid the living brave,
Nobler in his youthful grave !

CHORUS.

On the hill of battle raise
Anthems of immortal praise ;
Honor deck the hallowed ground,
Peace eternal vest it round !
On the hill of battle raise
Anthems of immortal praise !

THE EMPEROR'S FUNERAL.

AND rolled in light the silver Seine,
Through festal banks its flowery way —
Shall not an Empire's choral strain
Hail the triumphal day ?
He comes — and drooped on ocean's foam,
His lilyed banner waves unfurled —
Comes, from his sea-beat island-home,
The victor of a world !
Falls, far away, the chanting surge,
Like echoes of a muttered dirge.

'Tis he who gave the nations law ;
While subject-kings around him bowed :
Nor hushed, as now, in breathless awe,
Stood the gay city's crowd.
Not then was heard this minute-swell
From sullen throats of iron tone ;
Nor then Nôtre-Dame's funereal bell
Gave voice to such a moan ;
Nor rose between those notes that flow,
Like airy wailings, full of wo.

He comes, — the minion child of Fame,
Who made a hundred fields his own,
And sprang, on conquest's wings of flame,
To his delirious throne !

Oh, if reluctant Fate had given
His youthful eye some prophet-view,
'Mid the wild *Sections'* crashing levin,
Of fatal Waterloo,
Silent, perchance, these spirit tones
Of stifled shrieks and muffled groans !

'Tis he, the man of Destiny !
Whose cohorts princes proudly led,
Where'er he bade his eagles fly
Above the slaughtered dead ;
To the same heartless purpose true,
That claimed earth's empires for his own,
In the bright halls of sweet Saint Cloud,
On Elba's mimic throne.
What greetings these, whose sound of fear
Breaks the dread silence of his bier !

From sands where marble music sings
A song to morning's orient lids,
And lines of long-forgotten kings
Built nameless pyramids :
From cliffs, where but the Tyrol horn
Had roused the freeman's hunter-band,
To meads whose flowery breath is borne
Along the Cæsars' land, —
Come shadowy voices on the gale
Of mountain-shout and sobbing wail !

Oh, once he came, on triumph's breath,
From soft Italia's myrtle bowers,
And once from fields of icy death,
By Moscow's blazing towers ;
And once again, from Belgium's plain,
That groaned with its uncounted dead,
And left his eagles, with its slain,
Trampled and slaughter-red :
Now, Beresina's shrieking waves
Hail Waterloo's re-opening graves !

He comes once more — the sullen main
Restores him from his lonely cell,
To sleep where laves the silver Seine
That France he loved so well.
He comes, and all his stormy life,
Whose sun was quenched in clouds and
gloom,
No triumph bought, through fiery strife,
Like that which gilds his tomb !
This mockery of a fickle breath,
Chanting unmeaning hymns to Death !

Yet where his pageant's ancient soul ?
Sons of St. Louis, wherefore here ?
Far other tones of wo should roll
Above the Emperor's bier !

Oh, where Masséna, Lannes, Dessaix ?
Through battle's cloud each flaming star—
He, braver than the bravest, Ney,—
Thy snow-white plume, Murat ?
I see, I see on either hand —
They come, they weep, a shadowy band !

Ah ! “*Invalides*,” thy pomp were dull,
And strange, if such were wanting there ;
Thy peopled courts are not so full
As is the peopled air !
From sands and crags and whirling streams,
From gory plains and seas of storms,
Rise, like the thronging shapes of dreams,
Their gashed and grisly forms :
And he, 'tis he, whose icy eye
Glares on the painted pageantry !

Oh, could he call one moment back
The flush of his adventurous youth ;
Snatch from the stain of glory's track
His heart's first idol,—Truth ;
Clasp closer still the Passion-flower —
He spurned from his unmanly breast,—
Away, false dreams of fruitless power !
And earth had been at rest :
Nor hollow lies, nor pomp's cold tear,
Nor man, nor fiend, had mocked his bier !

THE WIND.

THE Wind has voices that defy
The spirit's utmost scrutiny :
We shudder at its sobbing wail,
And shrink when howls the rolling gale ;
And even its softest breath is heard,
Like some half-muttered, saddening word :
Of all its tones there is no voice
That bids the thrilling heart rejoice.

The sailor, on the silent seas,
May long to hail the freshening breeze,
The blast that hurls the spattered foam
Will waft him to his distant home ;
Yet, while the loosening sail he flings,
That gives his floating bird its wings,
His manly breast will often feel
Some strange, dread fancy o'er it steal.

When crouched beside the wintry blaze,
And midnight croons its wonted lays ;
The music of the mingling tune
Now rising high and falling soon —
The wailing and complaining tone
Might be a laugh, though more a moan, —
But wild or sad, or high or low,
It ever takes a note of wo.

I've seen it stir the nested rills,
Amid the topmost Crystal hills ;
Have watched it drive the clashing clouds,
And shriek along the shivering shrouds :
Dread ! strange ! the same in every hour,
Resistless, formless, unseen power !
A voice that gives us no reply,
A sound that shakes, we know not why.

I never hear it on the shore,
Concerted with the watery roar,
Or sweeping where the sullen breeze
Glides, like a spirit, through the trees ;
Nor listen to its mustering wail
When wintry tempests swell the gale,
But haunting fancies, dark and wild,
Brood like the dreams that daunt a child.

Yet, not the less, my battling soul
Springs like a racer to its goal,
Can wring a joy, that else were pain,
When singing blasts cry o'er the main,
Hear music in the mournful tune
That softens on the airs of June ;
And gather from the fireside tone
A sad, sweet language all its own.

ODE,

In Celebration of American Independence, City of Boston,
July 5, 1869.

'MID the glory when morning emblazons the day,
Scarce remembered the shadows of night pass away ;
So the trials our fathers made famous, of old, To their children come down, like a tale that is told.

Yet, immortally written on History's page, Shine their deeds, bright like stars in the night of their age ; And the great prize of freedom their victory won They confirmed by their wisdom from father to son.

Be it ours to renew what their virtue bequeathed, Now the war-trump is silent, the falchion is sheathed ; Nor the boon they bestowed, bought with blood and with tears, See perverted and lost in the vortex of years.

Let us never forget how the kingdoms of earth
In their misery welcomed the nation's new birth,
Saw young Liberty's dawn-beam sublimely arise,
And hailed the glad mission divine from the skies.

And the statue we raise to our father's great name,
Who stands foremost and best in the annals of fame,
Is our pledge to the world that our country shall be,
As it was, and forever, the Land of the Free!

H Y M N.

Sung at the Cape Cod Celebration of Provincetown,
Aug. 11, 1852.

TUNE—“*Auld Lang Syne.*”

FOREVER blest those manly hearts,
The high and generous band,
Who claimed hope's final refuge here,
And hailed the wintry strand ;

Where woman's tried and matchless faith
Inspired her shrinking form,
And young and old the desert dared,
In darkness and in storm.

Like Noah's weary, wandering dove,
Their feet had found no rest,
By fears and foes — without, within —
Distracted and distressed ;
Before their path the savage lurked,
In ambush for his prey,
Behind them lone, and sad, and stern,
The trackless ocean lay.

Along the broad and sterile sands,
Like half-forgotten dreams,
Rose thoughts of England's blooming meads,
And sweet enchanted streams ;
Yet cheerful still, through all their tears,
The dreary waste they trod,
For here was freedom's holy law,
And here was trust in God !

And now, where once their constant hearts
The joyful hymn could raise,
The desert voice and watery roar
But mingling with their praise,

A thousand snowy sails are spread —
Their children dwell at rest,
Old Ocean's spoils their tribute make,
And sport upon his breast.

So let it be, while circling years
Their awful round complete,
Peace crown the strand that welcomed home
Our fathers' weary feet ;
But be their day of gloom and dread
Forgotten never more,
When high in more than human hope
They trod the savage shore.

TO A RETIRED VETERAN.¹

JACKSON ! whose name to future times will
go,
Known by rash deeds in passion's fiery hour
Conceived and wrought ; whence many mis-
chiefs came
That mar thy fame,
And worked thy country woe ;
Unkind abuses of the civic power, —
For which thy kitchen-cabinet, oh shame !
Perchance were most to blame,

Yet mixed with good of no mean quality
That on thy scutcheon shall emblazoned be,—
The patriot fire, that won thy country's praise,
And a whole life spent in the public cause;

From boyhood's generous days
To the old age, that long has seemed to pause
On the dim shore of the eternal sea !
Count that thy noblest and thy proudest
hour,

Worthy the Roman name,
Or more, thy country's fame,
When 'mid the clang of war, and the hot haste,
And victory's rapturous taste,
And thy firm hand fixed on resistless power,—
The conqueror's sword fell, — and the down-
ward steel

Bowed to the civic wreath !
On high the Law, that guides the common-
weal —

The soldier stood beneath !
Supreme o'er crimson conquest's clarion
breath

A voice serene and still, —

THE STATE'S COLLECTED WILL

And now reposing in thy Hermitage,
Amid such contemplations, we would trust,
As best befit thy venerable age,
Crumbling to dust ;

I pray thee, General, do not mar it all!

Take my advice,—

I deprecate thy fall !

Not honor nice,

Nor thought of justice, nor a true respect
For thine old age, nor sense of cold neglect
Inspires or senators, or pot-house fellows,
Whose zeal grows fiery o'er it as they drink ;
Their care *for thee* is little, I suspect,

'Tis of themselves they think,

And how they best may fix their party collars ;

For this Tom Benton bellows,

For this "the Captain" dips his pen
in ink ;

Discord's fell apple flung,

Thy wants the football (Irish) of each tongue ;

I pray thee, scorn the dollars !

A thousand coins make a poor show in story
Compared with deathless glory.

There's nothing charms me more than to
behold

Declining years with honest comforts strewed ;
Service demands the people's gratitude,
And shame it were to see thy hearthstone
cold !

I 'm sure in my opinion, humbly given,

And not requested even,

It were a handsome thing, if Congress would
Assume a generous mood,—
Handsome for them, for thee and us, the
nation—
Forget thy faults,
Open *our* vaults,
Think, of thy years, thy service and thy station
And give thee out a liberal donation ;
But not *as a remission* ;
Be this the fixed condition !
Still let *the fine*
The brightest leaf in all thy chaplet shine ;
Let our sons' sons respect thy proud sub-
mission,
The ancient honor of *the citizen*,
The sword, high thought, obedient to the
pen !
Still be “*the Roman*,” —
Regard thyself and us, and suffer no man
To pluck this glory from thy silvered brow ;
Let party malice fret her hour, and rage,
But *there*, on sober history’s solid page,
Still let this stand, that best allies thy name
In honest virtue with thy country’s fame !

H Y M N.

Supposed to have been sung by a chorus of Youths and Maidens
at the Funeral of Byron, in Greece. 1824.

I.

O VIRGIN daughters of the budding isles
Which crowning purple o'er the deep
Ægean,
Whose folded foliage met those first-born
smiles
Which made groves, streams, and rocks,
sing Io Pæan!
Wail, island daughter, him whose day is
done,
And tear the ivy-garland from your head —
Apollo's latest, brightest son
Is with the mighty dead !

II.

Far-darter of the never-failing bow !
Healer of nations ! where was then thy
power ?
Earth called for thee, and why wert thou so
slow ?
Or, couldst thou not avert the hour ?
Come, father of the morning, come and shake
Adown thy flowing ringlets' golden store —

But he whom thou didst love to wake
 Shall see thy face no more !

III.

The time of early bloom shall come, and Spring
 Anew shall pour her honeydew-fed flowers,
 And oft again the vintage months shall bring
 Their purple gifts ; but vernal showers,
 Nor summer airs, nor vintage suns shall hail
 His unreturning footstep — for the brave,
 The young, the noble whom we wail,
 Is wedded to the grave.

IV.

Freedom ! so richly bought, thou shouldst be
 sweet :
 Yet would that he, thy victim, had but died
 Floating down battle's crimson flood to meet
 Red from thy strife the Stygian tide :
 How gladly, then, in glory's flowers we'd
 sheathe
 His sword, and round his consecrated brow
 We'd mingle with the poet's wreath
 One deathless laurel bough !

V.

Sons of the Greeks ! 'mid the tumultuous flame
 Of the fierce shock ye shall remember well

Who gave his life, his fortune and his fame,
 Yea, his whole hope, to break the accursed
 spell
 Which ye must end ; but o'er his silent bier,
 Till ancient Freedom smiling hovers nigh,
 Ye may not waste another tear,
 Or one lamenting sigh.

VI.

What though his life was brief ! his young
 career
 Was run in glory — happy that his last
 Act was the best and noblest ; time may sear
 And blight the nations with his withering
 blast,
 But has no power to rend his monument
 From out the hearts of men ; perchance
 still more
 Happy, that he so early went
 Down to the gloomy shore.

— VII.

But year by year shall Grecian girls renew,
 When Spring returns, the story of his
 woes,
 And gather memory's sweetest flowers to
 strew,
 Violets and lilies and the pale primrose,

For him who slumbers in the orange vale ;
And often shall *Ætolian* sires relate,
Weeping, his melancholy tale—
Their poet-hero's fate !

R E Q U I E M

FOR ONE SLAIN IN BATTLE. 1862.

BREATHE, trumpets, breathe,
Slow notes of saddest wailing,
Sadly responsive peal, ye muffled drums ;
Comrades, with downcast eyes
 And banners trailing,
 Attend him home,—
The youthful warrior comes.

Upon his shield,
 Upon his shield returning,
Borne from the field of honor
 Where he fell ;
Glory and grief, together clasped
 In mourning,
His fame, his fate
 With sobs exulting tell.

Wrap round his breast
 The flag his breast defended, —

His country's flag,
In battle's front unrolled ;
For it he died —
On earth forever ended
His brave young life
Lives in each sacred fold.

With proud fond tears,
By tinge of shame untainted,
Bear him, and lay him
Gently in his grave.
Above the hero write,
The young, half-sainted, —
His country asked his life,
His life he gave !

SONG OF WELCOME,

At a Gathering of Natives and their Descendants at Newburyport.

WELCOME ! a thousand times welcome home !
Joy to their paths, — the wanderers come !
They pine for the scenes of childhood's mirth,
Welcome them back to their native earth.

In busy cities, when crowds were gone,
Through solemn depths of the forest lone,

By distant plains, and where Ocean rolls,
Homeward dreams have come over their
souls.

And now they gather, to meet once more
The kindred form, with its heart's full store,
The clasping hand and the speaking eye,
Beloved so well in the years gone by.

Oh, some will hasten with ready feet,
Where love sits smiling and home is sweet,—
And others have passed through stormy
waves,
Only to look on their fathers' graves.

Faithful the bosom, whose streams run back,
From the world's wild sea, through child-
hood's track,
And owns, for the dearest joy of earth,
A mother's kiss, by a father's hearth.

Welcome to all! for their hearts are true,—
On their souls are drops of youth's first dew;
Joy, oh, joy! let the wanderers come,—
Welcome! a thousand glad welcomes home!

LINES

Against the Removal of Washington's Remains from Mount Vernon. 1838.

Ay, leave him alone, to sleep forever,
Till the strong archangel calls for the dead,
By the verdant bank of that rushing river,
Where first they pillow'd his mighty head.

Lowly may be the turf that covers
The sacred grave of his last repose ;
But oh ! there 's a glory around it hovers,
Broad as the daybreak and bright as its close.

Though marble columns were reared above him,
Temples and obelisks rich and rare,
Better he dwells in the hearts that love him,
Cold and lone as he slumbers there.

Why should we gather with choral numbers ?
Why should our thronging thousands come ?
Who will dare to invade his slumbers,
Or take him away from his narrow home ?

Well he sleeps in the majesty,
Silent and stern, of awful death ;
And he who visits him there should be
Alone with God and his own hushed breath !

Revel and pomp would profane his ashes,
And may never a word be murmured there,
But the glorious river's that by him dashes,
And the pilgrim's voice in his heartfelt
prayer.

But leave him alone, to sleep forever,
Till the trump that awakens the countless
dead,
By the verdant bank of that rolling river
Where first they pillow'd his sacred head.



A T S E A.²

IT was off the cliffs of Scituate,
In old Massachusetts bay,
We took a stiff northeaster,
About the break of day ;
Lord ! how it howled and whistled
On the ratlines and the shrouds,
As the icy snow dashed pelting
Through the scud of lowering clouds.

Outspoke bold Captain Tilden,
“ She fairly drifts astern ;
Against this gale no Boston
Can the good barque make, this turn ;
To beach her would be madness,
Where the wild surf runs so high —
Under our lee lies Scituate,
And there we can but try.”

Then “ hard up,” cried the captain —
Like a bird she bore away,
The blast just struck her quarter,
And she flew across the bay ;
Before us broke the dreaded bar,
And by the helmsman stood
Our captain, as the brave barque plunged
Into the foam-tossed flood.

One plunge ! the strong wave lifted her —
Aghast stood all the crew ;
Again — she rose upon the surge —
And it brought her safely through ;
Now, God bless Scituate harbor,
And be blessed for evermore,
Who saved us from the sea’s cold clasp,
By this wild, treacherous shore.

BURNING OF THE TOWER.

O TOWER of London ! Not the lurid flame
Can cleanse the plague that haunts thy
chambers old,
Nor wreathing smoke in volumed blackness
rolled,
Blot the foul record of thy lasting shame !
Time hallows not the guilty ; and thy name,
What shadowy hosts it summons from the
grave !
Sweet babes and hoary heads ; the pure,
the brave,
King, prelate, patriot, knight, and gentle
dame ;
Tears, anguish, torture, blood ; the tyrant's
art,
The martyr's crown ; see Raleigh, Russell,
rise,
Sydney, and Bullen's gospel-lighted eyes, —
All woman's faith and man's unshaken
heart ;
Call them not shadows, England's perished
dead, —
As truths immortal they, thou but the shadow
fled !

WINTER.

PLEASANT are the Summer hours
And the months of buds and flowers —
Spring with songs and softening airs, —
Wreaths that mellow Autumn wears.
Yet we know a sweeter time
Than the springtide's early prime,
Than the Summer's moonlight blaze
Or the Autumn's golden days;
And though still we dearly prize
Softer airs and milder skies,
Let our heart of hearts remember
All that gladdens dim December.

TO THE ENGLISH FLAG.³

ENGLAND ! whence came each glowing hue
That tints yon flag of "meteor" light ?
The streaming red, the deeper blue,
Crossed with the moonbeam's pearly white.

The blood and bruise, — the blue and red
Let Asia's groaning millions speak ;
The white — it tells the color fled
From starving Erin's pallid cheek !

BLOODY BROOK.⁴

SEPT. 17, 1675.

By Bloody Brook, at break of day,
When glanced the morn on scene more fair ?
Rich pearl-dew on the greensward lay,
And many a sweet flower flourished there ;
The holy forest all around
Was hush as summer's Sabbath noon,
And through its arches breathed no sound
But Bloody Brook's low bubbling tune.

And bright with every gallant hue
The old trees stretched their leafy arms,
While o'er them all the morning threw
A tenderer glow of blushing charms ;
Of varying gold and softest green,
And crimson like the summer rose,
And deeper, through the foliage screen,
The mellow purple lives and glows.

By night, alas, that fearful night —
How sinks my heart the tale to tell !
All, all was gone that morning light
Saw blooming there so passing well ;
Those clustered flowers, o'er all their pride
A thousand furious steps had trod,

And many a brave heart's ebbing tide,
For pearly dewdrops, stained the sod.

But hark ! that sound you scarce may hear,
Amidst the dry leaves scattered bare —
Is it the wild wolf's step of fear,
Or fell snake stealing to his lair ?
Ah me, it is the wild wolf's heart,
With more than wolfish vengeance warm,—
Ah me, it is the serpent's art
Incarnate in the human form !

And now 'tis still ; no sound to wake
The primal forest's awful shade ;
And breathless lies the covert brake,
Where many an ambushed form is laid.
I see the red man's gleaming eye, —
Yet all so hushed, the gloom profound,
The Summer birds flit careless by,
And mocking nature smiles around.

But hark again ! A merry note
Comes pealing up the quiet stream,
And nearer still the echoes float, —
The rolling drum, — the fife's loud scream !
Yet careless was their march, the while,
They deem no danger hovering near,

And oft the weary way beguile
With sportive laugh and friendly jeer.

Pride of their wild romantic land,
In the first flush of manhood's day,
It was a bright and gallant band,
Which trod that morn the venturous way.
Long was the toilsome march, — and now
They pause along the sheltered tide,
And pluck from many a clustered bough
The wild fruits by the pathway side.

As gay — alas, that direful yell !
So loud,— so fierce,— so shrill,—so clear,—
As if the very fiends of hell,
Burst from the wild-wood depths, were
here !
The flame, — the shot, — the deadly gasp, —
The shout, — the shriek, — the panting
breath, —
The struggle of that fearful clasp,
Where man meets man for life or death —

All, all were here ! No manlier forms,
Than theirs, the young, the brave, the
fair, —
No bolder hearts life's current warms,
Than those that poured it nobly there !

In the dim forest's deep recess,
From home, from friends, from succor far,
Fresh from home's smile and dear caress,
They stood to dare the unequal war!

Ah, gallant few! No generous foe
Had met you by that crimsoned tide;
Vain even despair's resistless blow,—
As brave men do and die, they died!
Yet, not in vain,—a cry, that shook
The inmost forest's desert glooms,
Swelled o'er their graves, until it broke
In storm around the red man's homes!

But beating hearts far, far away,
Broke at their story's fearful truth,
And maidens sweet, for many a day,
Wept o'er the vanished dreams of youth;
By the blue distant ocean-tide,
Wept years, long years, to hear them tell,
How by the wild-wood's lonely side
The Flower of Essex fell!

And the sweet nameless stream, whose flood
Grew dark with battle's ruddy stain,
Threw off the tinge of murder's blood,
And flowed as bright and pure again;

But that wild day, — its hour of fame —
Stamped deep its history's crimson tears,
Till Bloody Brook became a name
To stir the hearts of after years !

LOVE.

MEN tell us love is only vain,
A fleeting shade, an empty cheat,
Though down from Eden's bowers, 't is plain,
The world has chased that fond deceit.

Some nobler hope these graybeards name,
As worthiest of the manly heart,
The ruddy gold — the sounded Fame —
The glow of thought and wreath of Art.

Methinks the sage may con his theme,
Till nature's flickering flame expire,—
Life were, indeed, a worthless dream,
If only these could wake its fire.

For Love, still sovereign as of old,
Makes them his slaves obedient move,
And Fame and Art, and sullen Gold,
And conquering Genius, bend to Love.

LOVE AT TWO-SCORE.*

TRUE-HEARTED wife, come sit by my knee,—
 Twenty years syne were you sitting here,
 Young love's light may have danced more free,
 But the steadfast flame of a heart for me,
 Still mine own at forty year.

Curly gold hair is a beautiful thing,—
 I have a lock of a hue more dear ;
 Black, as of Darkness his blackest wing,
 What though clipped in your fresh young
 spring, —
 Still I prize it at forty year.

* LOVE AT TWO-SCORE.

BY WILLIAM M. THACKERAY.

Ho ! pretty page with dimpled chin,
 That never has known the barber's shear,
 All your aim is woman to win —
 That is the way that boys begin —
 Wait till you come to forty year.

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains ;
 Billing and cooing is all your cheer.
 Sighing and singing of midnight strains,
 Under Bonnybell's window-panes —
 Wait till you come to forty year.

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass ;
 Grizzly hair the brain doth clear ;
 Then you know a boy is an ass,
 Then you know the worth of a lass,
 Once you have come to forty year.

Forty times over has Michaelmas gone ;

Forty times more it may disappear, —
Let but the heart's true pledge be won,
Well we know it will still beat on,
True at twice times forty year.

Though gray-bearded fellows may all de-
clare, —

Good fellows all, who swear by the moon, —
They found the fairest of the fair
Good for nothing, to lighten their care, —
These fellows' beards grew gray too soon,

Such bright eyes it were well to resist,
They only spread snares for such good
fellows' fall ;

Pledge me around, I bid ye declare,
All good fellows whose beards are gray,
Did not the fairest of the fair
Common grow, and wearisome, ere
Ever a month had passed away ?

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,
The brightest eyes that ever have shone,
May pray and whisper, and we not list,
Or look away and never be missed,
Ere yet even a month was gone.

Gillian 's dead, heaven rest her bier,
How I loved her twenty year syne !
Marian 's married, but I sit here
Alive and merry at forty year,
Dipping my nose in Gascon wine.

Their own eyes must have been in a mist,
And certain it is, the lips they kissed
Could never have been worth kissing
at all.

Gillian, poor soul ! gave me little hurt,
That fancy of mine, more than twenty years
syne !
As for Marian, she was a flirt, —
But a true old wife clings close as a shirt,
So let's take together a glass of old wine.



WARDS IN CHANCERY.

[Falling in love with a ward in Chancery is even more dangerous than may be supposed. A Lancashire swain recently did so, and when the lady came of age, was iniquitous enough to marry her ; and Lord Justice Knight Bruce says that matrimony was committed so soon after the young lady's coming of age that there must have been courtship in her minority — which is contempt of court. As it is perilous to commit flirtation with a ward in Chancery, let young ladies in that situation wear a *noli me tangere* dress — a costume which shall warn off all intruders — muslins and *moirés antiques* all legibly labelled, “trespassers will be prosecuted.” — *English paper.*]

LOVE in old times, they used to say,
At locksmiths laughed by night or day,
But now he is locked out, it seems,
From wards of Chancery, even in dreams ;

By the last English law Report,
To court them is contempt of Court ;
Eyes, ears and lips must all be schooled,—
Knight Bruce, Lord Justice, thus has ruled.
Strange, Judge with such a gallant name
Could such unknightly judgment frame !
Henceforth, nice shades of kindred crimes
Law must define, to suit the times ;
No longer, so the Court will charge,
The culprit, Love, must run at large.
Conformably with this decree,
All juries will be bound to see
A trespass in a whisper now,
Assault and battery in a bow,
A larceny in each stolen glance,
And rout and riot in a dance.
But if a youth against the peace,
Soon after Chancery's release,
Dare marry maid whilom a ward,
All these offences are inferred.
So rules the Court — appeal lies thence
To the full Bench of Common Sense ;
The *culprit* there might go exempt,
But scarce such *ruling*, from “contempt.”

A GREEK SONG.⁵

SWALLOW-SONG OF RHODIAN BOYS.

[From *Athenæus.*]

HE has come — the swallow — the swallow
comes back !

His breast is white and his body is black ;
Just as black are his waving wings ;
And oh ! what loveliest weather he brings !
Come, can't you hand out and send this way,
From a house so rich, a fruit-cake, let's say ?
Give us a goblet of wine to sip ;
In a hamper of cheese we'd be glad to dip ;
For the swallow we'd like some grains of
wheat,
And crumbs of bread in which eggs are beat.

Shall we go away, or have something for fun ?
If you give it or not, we shall soon be done ;
Shall we carry away your door, or its top ;
Or off with the good dame inside shall we
pop ?

A small matter that ; we can carry and bring,
And whatever you give is to us a great thing.
Open, open the door to the swallow, we pray ;
For we're not old vagrants, but children at
play.

THE RETURN.⁶

— etiam victis redit in præcordia virtus. — *Virg.*

WELCOME! and a thousand welcomes
To our noble Harvard boys!
They have earned all home can give them
Of love and home-like joys ;
They did their devoir bravely,
Against Oxford's gallant crew,
And the meed of noblest oarsmen
Is their own and proudly due.

Struggling through the tortuous river,
Unwonted to their oar,
Scarcely Oxford's practised boatmen
Came out half a length before ;
Splendid was the manly struggle,
When such well-matched champions meet—
There was glory in the triumph,
There was honor in defeat.

In the old Olympic contests,
With his olive garland crowned,
The victor's wreath was held a pledge
Of States in friendship bound ;
So let this sign of holy peace,
By Albion's children won,

Recall to every generous thought
Columbia's every son.

For, in no unequal conflict
Stroye the rivals of the day,
And Oxford from the Harvards
Barely snatched the palm away ;
Then to meet them on their native shore,
As o'er ocean's wave they come,
Hail we our gallant Harvard lads
With a thousand welcomes home !



UPON PUNCH'S "TRIPPING TIME."⁷

BETTER counsel might be hit on,
Silly, silly Mr. Punch !
Than you give the "tired Briton" —
Just a trip to take a lunch.
Worn-out scenes you spread before him,
Trips through Europe, here and there,
Or bid Asian climes allure him,
Cairo, Hong Kong — Lord knows where.

Don't you know your Briton better ?
Things like these won't meet his case ;
Close behind his back, a sitter,
Care, will with him ride the race.

He will get no new sensation,—
Of ideas — no, not one!
To his hand each old-world nation
Is in Murray's handbook done.

Jogging, plodding, stumbling, tumbling,
Down a crater, up a hill,
Dining, whining, mumbling, grumbling,
At his fare and at his bill.
Trip no more, O John, to Paris,
Lisbon, Berlin, Homburg, Pau,
Places where the cockney tarries,
Whose geography you know.

Trip, John, over the Atlantic,
Roam the unknown Yankee land ;
We can show you things romantic,
New and fresh and wild and grand ;
Unmatched rivers, prairie, highland,
Proud Niagara's thundering fall,
Caves — would swallow up your island --
Come, John, you shall see them all.

You shall see our men and cities,
Pretty girls and all the show,—
Really 't is a thousand pities,
John, you should so little know.

Be assured, you 'll see some pumpkins,
Rice-fields, cotton-fields and corn,
Farmers, who are not mere bumpkins,
"Niggers," merry as the morn.

"Tired Briton!" for a fillip,
These things will your business do,
Sherry-cobbler, cocktail, julep,
You shall taste, and welcome, too.
Clearer head and bosom warmer
You 'll take back to Britain's isle,
And, O John! at all your former
Stupid ignorance you 'll smile.



THE MISSISSIPPI.

THEY call me "The Father of Waters"—
For a hundred rivers flow,
With a riotous tide leaping out from my side,
And they named me long ago.
Ages ere children of eastern realms
Looked on my rolling flood,
At my icy rills in the clefts of the hills,
Old dusky chiefs of the forest stood,
And tossed their feathery helms,
• And revealed to their sons and daughters
That I was the Father of Waters.

From shores, where inland seas lie deep,
In one vast ocean-chain,
And the roots of the Rocky Hills, I leap —
Where the prairie stretches far and wide,
And sounds to the buffalo's thundering
stride ;
And the mountains' shadows, from pinnacle
peaks,
Fall like a gloom on the plain —
From the caves of the hills and springs of
the lakes
My meeting fountains ran,
With the first sweet dawn of the early
prime —
I was born when the world began.

And onwards, onwards, forever I roll,
Forever to reach the main ;
And the sweep of my tide, in the march of its
pride,
Turns not on its sources again.
But grand old rivers, the chiefs of their
race,
Come rushing forever to own my sway,
Like hosts to the field on the battle-day —
They sink on my bosom, and in my em-
brace,
Seek the infinite sea far away.

But my dancing ripple laughs and sings
To the currents that downward flow,
Till the drops that gushed from my frozen
springs
Are warmed in the Gulf below.

So I girdle an empire, and bear to its heart
Wealth, like the riches of dreams ;
And the keels are afloat for their burdened
mart,
On the flood of my thousand streams.
Up at my springs droops the forest old
Over my dark calm stream at its roots,
Where the woodland wild birds fearless flew,
Where the vanishing Indian's frail canoe
And the hunter's shalllop shoots.
Below, below are my myriad ports
And the ventures of every sea,
But in glory or gloom, streaming over my
wave
Floats the star-blazoned Flag of the
Free.

And never till earth, with its times and its
tides,
Crumbles to dust, like a shrivelled scroll,
Shall be unclasped my watery zone,
That encircles a nation's soul.

But forever till my great course is run,
God will keep who made the many one.
Vain is man's folly, his frenzy in vain
To loosen the links of the azure chain ;
But to East and West and South and North,
Fed by the dews and the golden rain,
And the mountain snows that melt on the
plain,

My streams as of old go forth —
And every rill of my swelling flood
Leaps to its fellow, like kindred blood ;
Nor ribs of rock, nor iron band,
Like the river of rivers, could clasp the
land.

But I welcome the vision that gleams sub-
lime

Across the gloom of the fleeting time —
Grander than all the dreams of yore
Spread the tents of the people, like sands on
the shore ;

The course of their Empire but now begun, —
The mighty many joined in one.

And the myriad generations
Of their undivided nations,
To their latest sons and daughters,
Shall hail me “THE FATHER OF WATERS.”

WOMAN'S TEARS.

SHE wept; as softest dews that come
Upon the floweret's vernal bloom,
One moment's space, then melt away
Beneath the morn ng's primal ray,
So soft, so sweet, so pure, so brief,
So lightly passes childhood's grief.

She wept; as falls the summer shower
On bended grass and glistening flower,
That lift their heads to heaven again
The brighter for the gentle rain ;
So laughs the lip, so lights the eye
As girlhood's fleeting tears pass by,

She wept; as dreary rains at morn
On harvest fields of gathered corn,
When mirth is o'er and joy is done,
And hope is withered up and gone ;
So fell the tears that seemed to start
From woman's crushed and bleeding heart.

She wept once more; the wintry day
Sweeps through bleak branches stript and gray,
And frozen falls the stormy rain
From boughs that may not bud again,—
So withered Eld's last tears are shed,
Lone, helpless, heartless, hopeless, dead !

ANCIENT LATIN HYMN.

IN DEDICATIONE ECCLESIAE.

Cœlestis Urbs Jerusalem,
 Beata pacis visio,
 Quæ celsa de viventibus
 Saxa ad astra tolleris,
 Sponsæque ritu cingeris
 Mille Angelorum millibus.
 O sorte nupta prospera,
 Dotata Patris gloria
 Respersa Sponsi gratia,
 Regina formosissima,
 Christo jugata Principi
 Cœli corusca civitas.
 Hic margaritis emicant
 Patentque cunctis ostia ;
 Virtute namque prævia
 Mortalis illuc ducitur
 Amore Christi percitus
 Tormenta quisque sustinet
 Scalpri salubris ictibus
 Et tunsione plurima,
 Fabri polita malleo
 Hanc saxa molem construunt,
 Aptisque juncta nexibus
 Locantur in fastigio.
 Decus Parenti debitum
 Sit usquequaque Altissimo,
 Natoque Patris unico
 Et inelyto Paraelyto,
 Cui laus, potestas, gloria
 Æterna sit per sœcula.

TRANSLATION.

CELESTIAL seat, Jerusalem,
 Thy peace salutes our eyes ;
 Built of the living rock thy walls
 To the high stars arise ;

Like as a bridal concourse waits,
Myriads of angels guard thy gates.

O bride, with happiest fortunes blest,
O queen in form and face,
With all the Father's glory dowered
And all the Bridegroom's grace,
To Christ a spouse hast thou been given,
O glorious city come from heaven.

The pavements of thy streets with pearl
And rarest jewels glow,
Fit for the feet of men who walked
In righteous ways below ;
Who by the love of Christ assured,
All suffering for His sake endured.

How skilfully the builder wrought,
How meet the stones he chose !
Till, every joint and coign complete,
The stately structure rose ;
All polished by himself alone,
Up from the deep foundation stone.

Now, to the Father, God Most High,
To Christ, his only Son,
And Holy Ghost, ineffable,
Be endless honor done ;
To Him, eternal as his days,
Be all the glory, power and praise.

A MARCH CONCERT.

HARK! hark! I hear them sing!
'T is the carol of the spring:
In the broad, gray branches swinging,
The blackbirds,—they are singing;
And the bounteous air rejoices
In the chorus of their voices;
And the music of their trills
Nature's soul with rapture fills.
Like the babble of the brooks,
Stealing out from shady nooks,
Over pebbles as they pass,
Or among the tufted grass,—
Louder, clearer, yet as sweet,
Their commingling quavers meet.

Whence, oh, whither have they come?
From what rugged, wintry home,
That thus suddenly they bring
These glad messages of spring?
From the hollows of the rocks
Come these sable-coated flocks?
Or, in the forest deep
Have they shivered into sleep,
Where the fir tree or the pine
Their thick boughs intertwine?

Or where, under jutting eaves,
Farmer's barn a shelter leaves ?
Or, from caverns of the earth
Have they sprung to their new birth ?

And what are they saying
On those topmost branches swaying ?
Pouring such melodious notes
From their hundred warbling throats.
" How is it with you, brother, —
With this sister and the other ?
Have you managed to keep warm
Through the cold night and the storm ?
Chirrup, chirrup ! let us sing,
To salute this breath of spring ;
Hearts and voices swelling free
At the tip-top pitch of glee ;
And in one great burst of mirth
Hail the newly-wakened earth,
And the sunshine of this prime
Of the coming summer time."

But I fear you early birds
Are too early for such words
Of congratulation sweet,
And, alas, must make retreat
To the coverts where you lay
Through the long, long wintry day ;

To the bushes, caves and trees,
And such haunts of little ease.
But when the sharp spring blast
Has blown its fill, at last,
Such ecstatic morning strain
We will hope to hear again.

A TRIO.

A WHIPPOORWILL sat by the edge of the wood,
Perched on a log in his wonted mood,
And ever he chanted his plaintive strain,
“Whippoorwill” — over and over again.

Under the log was a cricket’s nest,
Who chirruped away at his very best;
In a pool hard-by, where the pond-lilies flaunt,
A bloated bull-frog had his haunt.

Just as the shadows of evening fell,
And the breeze to the leaves bade a soft
farewell,
Chorused in song with the whippoorwill
Were guttural bull-frog and cricket shrill.

“Fool, fool!” growled the old bull-frog,
“Sitting there on your hollow log,

Making night hideous with your cry,
While I charm all the passers-by."

"Cheer up, cheer up," sang the cricket small,
"You break my heart with your strange, sad
call;
I shrink myself from the slightest touch,
And why should you want whipping so
much?"

"Whippoorwill," cried the lonely bird,
But flew as the leaves by the air were stirred,
And soon he repeated his mournful lay,
Softened by distance, far away.

Sometimes, in moods when the cricket's cheer
And the bull-frog's mutter offend my ear,
Far to the depths of the forest still
I, too, would fly, like the whippoorwill.



P H A S M A.

IF the big boy think tops he spins,
Or the dead top think it is spun,
They know not where the maze begins,
Or ends, when I have once begun.

Syntax and sense from me are far,
 Pease-pods and cobwebs are the same ;
 To me old tracks of giants are
 Alike, if made by whole or lame.

Sure-reckoners must their ledgers shut,
 When I the balance-sheet make wrong,
 I am the nut-cracker and nut,
 The simpering miss's Orphic song.

Odd men with beards whose senses veer,
 Bloomers, more odd, my temples cram,
 But thou, whose mother-wit is clear,
 Find me the Mab-struck thing I am. *

* BRAHMA — BY R. W. E.

IF the red slayer think he slays,
 Or if the slain think he is slain,
 They know not well the subtle ways
 I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near,
 Shadow and sunshine are the same,
 The vanished gods to me appear
 And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out ;
 When me they fly, I am the wings ;
 I am the doubter and the doubt.
 And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
 And pine in vain the sacred Seven ;
 But thou, meek lover of the gods !
 Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

THE LOST STEAMER—THE ARCTIC.

MAJESTIC on the wave,
Behold the ocean-empress rides !
The sea beneath, her willing slave,
His crested tides divides.
Dashed from her breast she heaves
Aloft the quelled and trampled foam,
The glorious track behind her leaves,—
Speed her, ye waters, home.

Ah, gently, cruel main !
The freighted treasures gently bear
Voices thou hast like summer rain,
Or virgin's murmured prayer.
From out thy cave, O sea !
Breathe it, in music's sweetest sound,
Toned to their hearts' true harmony,
The glad, the homeward-bound.

Joy ! joy ! the glooming mist . . .
See, how she cleaves with landward bow !
Coyly the billows lightly pressed
Leap from her arrowy prow.
Joy beams in woman's eye,
Joy laughs in childhood's mirth,
And manly hearts give fond reply,
For thee, O mother earth.

Sovereign o'er vanquished fear,

The lord of mortal pride and power,
Man in his glorious strength is here,

This is his triumph's hour.

Hark — hark — what shock of dread
Has clutched his heart and blanched his
brow?

Stern as the bolt of fate it sped —

O man! what art thou now?

Thou saidst "a king" thou wast,

On ocean's stormy throne;

Now, he is wild and fierce and vast,

Thou powerless and alone.

Lo, with resistless grasp

This wide, relentless sea

Holds like a toy in icy clasp

Thy shattered barque and thee.

God rules upon the deep:

There he alone supreme is king —

The wild, wild waves that o'er thee sweep,

Perpetual dirges sing.

Woe! woe! a thousand homes

Their cheerful coming wait in vain;

While far and wide above them glooms

The desert of the main.

TO LYDIA.

Ad Lydiam. Donec gratus eram tibi, etc. HOR. Lib. 3, Ode 9.

Hor. Lydia, while I had your love,
 And no other youth could fling
Arms round your white neck, I throve,
 Happier than the Persian King.

Lyd. While you owned no other flame,
 Chloe less than Lydia dear,
More, I felt, in all my fame,
 Than our Roman Ilia's peer.

Hor. Thracian Chloe rules my heart,
 Queen of all melodious song ;
Willingly with life I'd part,
 Her dear being to prolong.

Lyd. Calais, the youthful Greek,
 Shares my love with mutual joy ;
Double death the fates may wreak
 On me, if they but spare the boy.

Hor. What if the old love insist
 Parted souls to join once more —
Fair-haired Chloe be dismissed,
 Lydia find an open door ?

Lyd. Though he 's lovelier than a star —
 You light as cork, in ire more high
Than Adrian seas — gladlier by far
 With you I 'd live, with you I 'd die.

MELPOMENE.⁸

Quem tu, Melpomene, semel, etc. — HOR., Lib. 4, Ode 3.

ONCE thine eye with glance benign
On a youth vouchsafes to shine,
Never he, O Muse, will claim
Honors in the Isthmian game ;
No swift steed shall drag his car
Victor in the race ; nor war,
For proud tyrants beaten down,
Deck him with the laurel crown.
But the river's gentle flood,
And the murmur of the wood,
Nature's lore, shall make him strong,
Noble in the gift of song.
Now this chief of cities, Rome,
Deigns to grant me genial home,
Live I, 'mid her minstrel youth,
Less assailed by envy's tooth.
Thou, O Muse, whose breath alone
Taught the golden shell its tone,

And mute things in seas that live
The dying swan's sweet note could give !
It is of thy grace that I
Am pointed out by passers-by ;
Thou, who didst with soul inspire
Me, master of the Roman lyre ;
That to breathe and please is mine,
If I please, the boon is thine.

THE LAND OF JUDAH.

AH, once, on Judah's parching plains,
How flowed in light those living rills !
And early dews and latter rains
Renewed and cheered the sacred hills.

Then Sharon's rose her matchless flower
Gave, sweet and glorious, to the wild,
And o'er those wastes, in beauty's hour,
The lily of the valley smiled.

By pastures green and waters still
Then led the Lord his chosen race,
And Judah's children loved his will,
And Isræl sought his father's face.

Then swelled the harp, whose chords alone
To him, the minstrel-king, were given,
And Heaven, descending, lent the tone
That wings the spirit's way to Heaven.

But shrunk the fount! the faded rose
Ungathered hangs its drooping head,
And David's harp immortal glows,
The soul of Judah's glories fled.

And dried the dew on Jacob's bough!
His tribes but houseless pilgrims roam,
The heathen sits on Zion's brow,—
While they nor country have, nor home.

Sin brought the curse that spreads the gloom
Above those fruitful fields of old,
Till God shall bid the desert bloom,
And home restore his wandering fold.



J E Z R E E L.

I.

By Esdraelon's lonely plain,
Mount Hermon's nightly dews are shed,
And Tabor crowns its rock-browed chain,
And Carmel lifts its stately head.

Along these hills — the plain — the vale
 What peopled cities once were strown !
Where now but ruin tells a tale
 Scarce to the passing pilgrim known.

Land, in old time of glorious deeds,
 Where nations strove, or mingled hands ;
But now some wandering Arab leads
 His “desert-ship” across the sands.

Not far aloof stood Sidon’s towers
 And princely Tyre’s imperial mart —
Phœnicia’s pride, that lent the powers,
 Whence woke in Greece the soul of Art.

And gold and purple lit their halls ;
 From coast to coast their galleys flew
The cedar-beams for Zion’s walls
 Down through the Midmost Sea they drew.

What tribes these rocky passes trod,
 Ere, looking down from Horeb’s height,
God’s prophet, at the Mount of God,
 Drove back the fierce Amalekite !

But, oh, when Israel’s sons, at length,
 Grew false to faith by Heaven revealed,
No Gideon’s sword — no David’s strength
 Brought victory on the blood-drenched field.

Through the long line of Judah's kings
The tide of deadly war rolled on ;
No plain like this such record brings
Of battles lost and battles won.

II.

How often here the Idumean brood,
By Israel scattered, to their fastness fled ;
But near this plain beyond the ancient wood,
At Gilboa's base, laid Saul his kingly head.

How were the mighty fallen ! till the host
Of Syria shrank from David's royal power ;
Their guarded strongholds his, from hill to
coast,
And peace, in arms triumphant, ruled the
hour.

Years flew ; at last the stern Chaldean came ;
Then Persia's might, and the world-con-
quering Greek ;
Soon, Rome's proud legions played war's dire-
ful game —
The strong man trampling on the frenzied
weak.

Across this plain the vengeful Tartar swept ;
God's people fell before that alien band ;

Till David's sons amid their ruins wept,
And rage and rapine scourged the guilty
land.

The ages rolled, and Christendom awoke
From the long slumber of a feverous
dream ;
" God and the cross " on earth's cold silence
broke ;
" Judea's hills shall see our lances gleam ! "

There streamed the lilyed oriflamme of Gaul,
And there St. George's banner proudly
flew ;
And heathen tecbir-shout and atabal,
The Christian trumpet-clang, — how well
they knew !

Richard, St. Louis — oft a royal crest,
'Mid knightly symbols, graced the splendid
throng ;
The sepulchre of Christ their holy quest,
Sworn to redeem the Right and quell the
Wrong.

What battles raged, while generous Saladin
For race and faith rallied the desperate
field !

What woes, what horrors ! Shall these Moslems win ?

Must Europe's long-despondent armies yield ?

Thus, ages long, the desolating sword
Through dismal centuries of carnage ran,
And left behind, at last, a barbarous horde,
Where glory, strength, and ancient grace
began.

Time flies apace ; and on that Syrian plain
Lo, Gaul's fierce drum-beats hill and valley
shake ;
On Judah's breeze the Red Cross floats
again —
And, oh, the scene, could but the dead
awake !

And for the ring of clashing arms, the roar
Of pealing cannon through the champaign
sweeps,
Joins the loud voice, that wakes the distant
shore,
And dies in echoes on the mountain steeps.

The wasting sword and the devouring spear
Have made a desert, where, in nature's
prime,

The rose and lily blossomed, year by year,
And joyful harvests hailed the festal time.

And well “The Battle-field of Nations”
styled,
Sleeps Esdraelon, long with slaughter red;
For there, in heaps on heaps, together piled,
Lie deep in dust what tribes! what nations dead!

ROUGH AND READY.

As stars that melt into the sky,
Who would not wish like him to die?
'Mid dews of dawn their paling fires
Blend with the day, as night retires;
So, 'mid all good men's honest tears,
Mingled with heaven his ripened years.

Ready, through all life's changing mood,
With steadfast heart the brave man stood,
Ready, 'mid battle's fiery shower,
Ready, in fortune's smiling hour,
And when the last dread summons came,
Ready, in his great Captain's name.

His country's flag his hearse has wreathed,
His country's wail the requiem breathed;
His gallant tars have borne him well
'Mid booming gun and tolling bell;
Where oft the good, the brave, the just
Shall weep around his honored dust.

AMURATH IV.⁹

A.D. 1638.

WHEN Sultan Amurath, "the cruel," led
His barbarous hordes o'er Bagdad's battered
wall,
And of its prostrate throngs devoted all
To slaughter dire by battle's vengeance fed,
A Persian youth, unawed by scene so dread,
Drew from his harp such tones so sadly sweet,
The conqueror paused at each melodious beat,
Till from his soul the demon fury fled;
His fierce command recalled, he now bade
spare
Bagdad's dejected people and their homes;
So all its airy minarets and domes
Still swelled toward heaven and echoed calls
to prayer;
Nor could this victor Music's self refuse
That grace once yielded the sad Attic muse.

MUSIC.

I FLOAT on the waves of music,
They bear me on like a stream,
To siren isles of the purpling sea,
'Twixt waking and a dream ;
Bathed in sweetness and in beauty,
Though cold and dark before,
Wakes the spirit sense, once more,
Sees the amaranthine flowers,
Hears the murmurs on the shore.

The present fades, like a vision,
The Past and Future rise,
My soul breathes free in a purer air,
And sweet tears fill my eyes ;
So the clear, round notes drop, falling ;
Though ever so closely strung,
On their golden circlet hung —
Yet each with its instant's rapture
From those magical fingers flung.

The monarch grown mad in his anguish
Revived at the touch of the lyre,
And hearts that are drooping and languish
One sweep of the chords will inspire ;

Till over the depths of the ocean,
And down from the brightening skies,
Comes the impulse that stirs its emotion,
And the soul overflows in the eyes;
Thus, chanted in hollows of mountains,
Or tuned 'mid the courtliest throng,
Like the natural bubble of fountains,
The heart beats responsive to song.

THE PILOT-YACHT "HAZE."

OH, won't we remember the "Haze,"
And our run down the jewel of bays?
The wind fresh and free
Swept o'er the cool sea;
Far behind gleamed the city, ablaze,
With rays
Of the hottest of hot summer days.

And was n't she jaunty and trig,
Dressed out in her beautiful rig?
Her bow was so slim,
Her quarter so trim,
And, close sheeted home, in full fig,
A jig
She danced on the billows so big.

The parson, and doctors, a pair,
 With other choice spirits and rare,
 A crowd of gay girls,
 The breeze in their curls,
 And surely all witty and fair,
 Were there ;
 And one with whom none I 'll compare.

Then merry and jovial we grew,
 As swift o'er the sea-waves we flew,
 Our skipper so neat,
 Our yacht all complete,
 And oh, for the time with that crew
 Anew —
 Clear skies and the bright bounding blue !



C A L I G U L A.

Incitabatur insomnia maxime ; neque enim plusquam tribus
 nocturnis horis quiescebat ; ac non his quidem placida quiete, sed
 pavida miris rerum imaginibus ; ut qui, inter ceteras, Pelagi
 quandam speciem colloquentem secum videre visus sit.

SUETONIUS, *in vit. Calig.*

THE Pagan, from his gorgeous bed
 Of wroughten ivory chased with gold,
 Bewildered raised his restless head,
 When heart and life were growing old ;

The cruel dream, that fired his youth
And led the Man, a faded thing ;
And through the wreck the spectre, Truth,
Naked by life's exhausted spring.

At midnight, through his echoing halls
The purple mockery well might grope,
And hear his footsteps' languid falls
Announce despair, but never hope !
Oh, could he find, what never came,
Some boundless Lethe's generous flood,
To slake his thirst's infuriate flame
And wash his ocean-stain of blood !

And vassal guards, who shrank and cowered
To meet their master's haggard eye,
And shook as if a demon lowered,
When 't was the Cæsar tottered by !
His golden state — his circled head —
The pangs that wrung the stifling groan —
What slave would press his guilty bed,
To call the Roman's world his own ?

Oblivion ! 't were the dearest word,
That ever blessed prophetic strain ;
Be once those cooling waters poured,
The Cæsar were himself again !

But no, dark lord of dreaded power,
Whom long his prophet-heart has warned,
Oblivion were too dear a dower,
From angry gods he feared and scorned.

The Thracian, on that marbled floor,
In weary slumbers, sweet and deep,
Roams o'er his wastes, a slave no more —
What dreams disturb an Emperor's sleep?
Resistless sway is all his own,
His own the globe's supreme command,
And thrills through earth's remotest zone
The menace of his lifted hand.

Some deep impending woe must shake
The heart beneath that purple pall!
Do hosts the Roman slumberers wake,
Goth, Vandal, Hun, or grisly Gaul?
No, Rome still rests, and all the world
Yet pulsates with her mighty heart, —
Round *him* alone the shadow furled,
The Cæsar's own peculiar part!

And there he glides, a livid thing,
Pale, glaring, feeble, fearing, feared,
Oh say, what furies round him cling,
This new Orestes, phantom-scared!

The sea — the sea! wild, deep and drear,
Dim, dread, mysterious, undefined,
The image of a nameless fear,
A waste, void horror — shakes his mind !

Ah, conscience ! though the voiceless doom
No Roman seer could dare to tell,
The boding of that unknown gloom,
The fountain of thy living hell,—
'Twas blood, thou guilty creature, blood
The coming of an endless dread,
The swell of that relentless flood —
The purple sea thy hands had shed !



ACHILLES OVER THE TRENCH.¹⁰

ILIA_D, xvii, 202.*

So saying, Iris, fleet of foot, passed on ;
Then, dear to Jove, arose great Peleus' son ;
Her ægis o'er his shoulders Pallas spread
And wreathed a golden cloud around his head ;
It gleamed as when some island city, driven
By foes, sends up a vaporous flame to heaven.
All day the battle rages ; but when night
Displays the fiery signal, broadly bright,

* The unrhythrical and meagre translation from Homer by certain poets has induced another translator to try his hand.

They hope the warning beacon from afar
May haste their neighboring allies to the War.
While from his head the glorious blazon shone,
From wall to trench he strode — but stood
alone ;
Nor joined the Greeks — so his wise mother
bade —
But shrilly shouted ; and when Pallas made
A shout more dreadful, far away, the foe
Shook in resistless panic's overthrow.
For, like the clear voice of a trumpet blown
By fierce besiegers of a leaguered town,
So rang Achilles' shout across the plain ;
And when the Trojans heard its clanging
strain,
Their hearts grew faint ; their horses, uncon-
trolled,
The chariots backward, in their terrbr, rolled ;
The charioteers, amazed, beheld with dread
The flame that circled round Achilles' head ;
That flame the goddess of the gleaming eyes
Herself had wreathed, and bade it kindling rise.
Thrice from the dyke he shouted ; backward
reeled
Thrice the affrighted Trojans from the field ;
And twelve great chiefs, among their warrior
train,
'Mid spears and chariots fell, ignobly slain.

ODE.

Sung at the First Anniversary of the "Story Association," composed of past and present Members of the Dane Law School of Harvard University.

AIR—*"Auld Lang Syne."*

BENEATH these shades, whose hallowed fame
Such generous thoughts revere !
Within these halls, of many a name
To hope and memory dear ;
Be here, by meeting hearts and hands,
One fresher garland twined,
Round sacred Learning's gathered bands,
To mingle mind with mind.

The sage's lonely lamp might shine,
And in its light expire,
And burning word or thought divine
Might perish in their fire ;
But caught from kindling soul to soul,
The flames effulgent spread,
And clasp in one immortal whole
The living and the dead.

These brooding cares, that round us rise,
And Life, foredoomed to toils,
Catch half a grace from social ties,
And live in genial smiles ;

And still when Wisdom lifts her brow,
 Encrowned with flowery wreaths,
 Then gleams her spirit's purest glow —
 Her noblest purpose breathes.

Within the bosom's secret shrine
 Immortal visions sleep ;
 Like gems that light the sullen mine,
 Or pearls that strew the deep ;
 But touched to life by kindred art,
 The burning accents roll, —
 Forums and Senates feel a heart,
 And Nations own a soul !



TOMB OF ALEXANDER.

Alexander magni tumulus
 Sufficit huic tumulus, cui non sufficerat orbis.
Ennius.

PARAPHRASED AND AMPLIFIED.

ENOUGH this tomb
 For him, for whom
 The earthly ball
 Seemed quite too small.
 This narrow place
 Lends ample space
 To whom vast space
 Seemed narrow place.

T H R E N O D Y.

On the Sailing of the Fleet from England to convey the Remains
of George Peabody to the United States.

O SEA ! if ever to thy silent cave,
Where no wild tumults rave,
Pleased with the affluent freight
Of some grand ship of state,
Upon thy bosom borne —

Smoothing the wrinkles on thy face forlorn ;
Thou, muffling up thy mighty form,
Call'dst home the children of the storm —
So as when Nelson in his funeral car,
Victory, from Trafalgar,

To his own England bound,
Sought an immortal grave —
Or great Napoleon, from his sea-vest isle,
Reposed upon thy wave ;

Mightier within his shroud,
Than when, with wreaths imperial crowned,

He heard the plaudits loud
Of France and Europe hail his smile !
Now, calm thy heaving breast
To a supremer rest ;
Swiftly, as on a peaceful tide
Bid the grand convoy glide ;

The fleet of nations, bearing home
The more than hero, come

To sleep in native earth,
The village of his birth ;
More honored there, than hid
In nameless pyramid
Or monumental dome !

For, not like warrior, torn
In mortal anguish from his conquered foes,
Or him, triumphant borne
On Victory's wings to the red battle's close ;
No sanguine flag he saw unfurled,
Yet his broad conquest was the world
And his sweet memory has a part
In every human heart ;
Like that abounding flood,
That fills all Egypt with a vital blood ;
Or the great stream that takes its gladdening
course
From Mississippi's source ;
His coffers he unlocked, with prescience sure,
That its rich treasures might fit issue find,
To lead in wisdom's ways the struggling
mind
And more, to bless the poor.

What though the regal vault flung wide its
door,
Beneath the grand old minster's solemn
nave,

Where chapelled rest, amidst proud crumbling
things

Upon its trodden floor,
England's long line of kings,
Who took, but never gave—

For him, who, as a sower strews his grains,
Bestowed his bounteous gains,
They would not stir beneath, to meet him
there,

The proud, fierce, cruel spectres of the
past;

And his own gentler spirit fain would fare,
Not 'mid those shadows vast,
But where the elms their drooping branches
wave

And their dead leaves, stirred by the ruder
blast,

On his dead bosom cast;
In his own native air;
In his more welcome grave!

But when, at length, the dirge-toned minute-
gun

No longer thunders to the answering
shore,

And the low, sad-draped flags the morrow's
sun

Has seen uprisen to the peak, once more;

Not with the funeral pageant, nor the
sighs,
That wring men's bosoms, at a good man's
end,
Shall pass his memory. Of mankind the
friend,
All human nature mourns him, as he dies,
Who taught his kind the honest way to
live—
Patient to gain, that he might freely
give—
A king of men ! his epitaph shall stand,
Graven on every heart in every land—
To sordid souls the token of their shame,
With nobler spirits a perpetual fame !

THE HERO.

In passes of the lonely hills,
Or ridged on many a plain,
What land so poor that may not own
Its graves of heroes slain !
Nor less have heroes graced the earth,
Chained under dungeon-bars,
Or, free in air-built towers, by night,
Conversing with the stars.

Glory to those who boldly thought,—

To those who fought and died—
And battled, to their ruin,

For the right but losing side :
All earth became their monument,
When they to death were given,
And the great sea's perpetual voice
Chanted their dirge to Heaven.

And thus, through after ages
Of truth's eternal strife,
Their names are fresh as fragrant flowers
Of an immortal life ;
By them men's minds are stirred again,
And hearts once more beat warm,
For the old cause to fight and die,
In battle and in storm.

COURAGE.

COME, cheer up, we've had whining and
groaning enough ;
Timid souls let each cloud of disaster
affright,
But the hearts that are made of the true
manly stuff
Will be firm in the storm that in sunshine
were bright.

And though fortune, the jade, has been
playing her pranks—

As she always will play, while the world
runs its round—

We may laugh in her face, since we owe her
no thanks,

With the health of our minds left in bodies
yet sound.

For this life is a march to the battle, at best,
Some will droop by the way, some move
steadily on;

But who ever saw gracing the falterer's crest
Any bright prize of honor due valor's true
son?

If the blue beaming skies on the seaman
looked down,

As his bark flew with yesterday's pros-
perous breeze,

Shall he whimper to-day, though the heavens
may frown,

And the lash of the storm wake the howl
of the seas?

No, these ups and these downs are but chances
that wait

On the noblest and best, like the fool and
the knave,

And the souls, that unconquered look boldly
on fate,
Feel the keenest and first every trial they
brave.

Then away with despondence — let cowardice
yield,
At each turn of the tide, to a breath or a
blast,
But the spirit of man, beaten down on the
field,
Start afresh for the fight, undismayed to
the last!

L I N E S

ON THE DROWNING OF A LOVELY GIRL IN THE KENNEBEC.

THE voice of all nature's breathing soul
Melted on summer's golden noon,
And sweeter the music grew as it stole
 The rippling river's silvery tune.
And the topmost boughs of the pines were
 stirred
With a whisper toned like a solemn word.
But oh, the change where the tide was deep,
And the maiden sank to her fatal sleep.
Nature still smiles, though a life is done,
And hearts may break, but the stream flows on.

Roll on, as thou rollest forever,
Till thy tides are washed back to the
main,
But where is the maiden, oh, river ?
Why rolls thy swift current in vain ?

Ah, false is thy blue gleaming bosom,
And pale grow the flowers by its side ;
In her loveliness perished the blossom,
And faded the light on thy tide.

But cease, oh, sad chorus of waters,
To respond to the wind-spirit's wail,
And your locks, oh, ye sea-maidens' daugh-
ters !
Wring no more as ye moan to the gale.

Though the wild heart of Ocean rejoices,
As his waves thunder on to the shore,
Yet the clash of their terrible voices
She shall hear never more, never more.

On her purity dawns the Immortal,
The gates of the spirit unroll,
And a welcoming smile from the portal
Seals Eternity's light on her soul.

Patriotism.

WHEN wild through summer's evening sky
 Roll lurid clouds by storm-winds driven,
And peal to peal gives dread reply,
 As flames the angry bolt of heaven,
Those upper glories, all the while,
 Depth beyond depth, in light afar,
Serenely shine, serenely smile,
 The sweet blue skies and every star.

And thus, when, foul and fierce and loud,
 Revolted faction's servile band
Wakes to wild hate the wavering crowd,
 And maddens round a generous land,—
Above that storm the patriot soul,
 In light immortal keeps his way;
His truth like living stars that roll,
 And clear in honor as the day.

The weak may blench, the false may fall,
 And paltry spirits welcome shame,
His heart, unchanged in field or hall,
 Owns but his country's sacred name;
And, prompt to meet her high behest,
 The impulse of his soul replies;
He folds her colors on his breast,
 And with her lives, or for her dies.

AN AUTUMN IDYL.

SWEET Bedford Springs ! goal for a heart's
long quest
Of sacred peace, where toil nor care in-
trudes,
So near, yet far from all the world's unrest,
How calm thy gentle slopes and whispering
woods !

Hail, holy silence ! save the murmuring bee,
And never-tiring cricket's cadence shrill,
Or whistled, morn and eve, from his low tree,
The plaint of some sad hermit whippoor-
will.

Summer is ended ; Autumn's genial glow,
Less fervid, fills these bright September
days ;
Her browner tints meek Nature spreads below,
Above, the woods with ruddy glories blaze.

Now waves the golden-rod its gorgeous plume,
And myriad asters gleam in purple pride,
In clustered groups imperial gentians bloom,
And dearest daisies deck the meadow's
side.

Not the fresh rose in kingly robes arrayed,
Nor proudest lily, queen of gardens fair,
To win us back from nature's ways who
strayed,
Can with these children of the fields com-
pare.

Down the deep forest-path, where cheerful day
Breaks through the shadows with a check-
ered light,
Stretched out, I watch the squirrel's lithe-
some play,
Or hear the startled quail's resounding
flight.

But lo, the mountains ! the horizon's verge
Eve's golden hues with sapphire mingled
share,
And their dim summits through the haze
emerge,
Like far transparent islands hung in air.

Kearsarge, Monadnock and Wachusett, names
By the old tribes on these grand hills
bestowed —
This living test they left, that nature's claims
Touched them to thought and in their
bosoms glowed.

They stand forever; still their titles meet
That name our hills and streams “the
savage” gave;
Forever they his epitaph repeat —
“You took our all and gave us but a grave.”

And yet, not here should painful themes
invade,
Where morning ushers in no worldly jars,
Deep noontide welcomes to the soothing
shade,
And night renews the majesty of stars.

For here all nature’s soul, with soft appeal,
In free communion with man’s living soul,
Inspires each sight and sound to make him
feel
How good, how great creation’s wondrous
whole!

And here, with thee to share and make my
joy,
Such thoughts alike on thy dear heart
impressed,
Fain would I find, when gathering cares
annoy,
What earth can grant of heaven’s high
promise — Rest.

THE MESSAGE.

IN the mountain glen, where the dream-land
lies,

Close, close to the Heavens for which we
long —

Where the soul looks out from its spirit-eyes,
And thought is free as the heart of song —

Where the pine-tree sways in a misty shroud,
And the wind-voice speaks like a parting
sigh,

And the cliff, that kisses the bending cloud,
Seems just on the verge of the neighbor-
sky —

Oh, there, while they watch for a spirit's
birth,

That is struggling away from the earth's
control,

They send to the loved and lost of earth,
Some whispered word by the passing soul.

Oh, simple truth of a changeless love !

Oh, trusting faith of the mountain land !

I, too, would send to the realms above
A message for one of their starry band.

And tell her, O soul of the homeward-bound !

How our footsteps are haunting that lowly bed,

Where we laid to her rest in the flowery ground

Our loved and our lovely — the early dead !

And say, at the flush of the season's prime,
Or when hearths are light in the evening blaze,

How we pine for the heart of our summer time,

And the smile that could gladden our wintry days !

Oh, tell her we weep, through the lonely years,

For the dearest and sweetest that love ever won —

And though hope, like a rainbow, gleams over our tears,

Yet we weep, oh, we weep — for we still love on !

ἘΣΠΕΡΕ ΠΑΝΤΑ ΦΕΡΕΙΣ. x. r. λ.

Fragment of Sappho.

O HESPERUS! thou bringest all things best;
Wine for the festal hour; the uddered goat,
With her rich store to soothe the thirsty
throat;
And home the child bring'st to its mother's
breast.

EASTER FLOWERS.

From the Rev. W. Henry Brooks, D.D., of St. Andrews, Hanover.

OH! cluster of bright roses!
From the temple of the Lord!
Your fragrant breath discloses
Eden's incense half restored.

Like a glow of sacred pleasure
They came to my sick room,
And were welcomed like a treasure,
With their sweetness and their bloom.

Now, blessings on the Pastor
Who sent the Easter flowers,
In the spirit of his Master,
To cheer my lonely hours.

And the dearest hand that brought it,
So long linked fast in mine,
With an added charm inwrought it,
That seemed almost divine.

THE FADED FLOWER.

WHEN spring's green breast once more
Welcomed sweet skies and showers,
Our sweetest flower to earth we bore
And laid among the flowers.

Gently, in virgin mould,
Where sleep day's sunniest hours,
We placed — and closed the verdant fold —
Our flower among the flowers.

Just touched, each tender shoot
Feels life's enkindling powers, —
She wins at once immortal fruit,
Our flower among the flowers.

There but the snowdrop's bell
Peeped pure 'mid sheltering bowers,
Emblem of her beloved so well,
Our flower among the flowers.

What tears forlorn we shed !
What anguish endless lowers .
Oh, why, why art thou with the dead ?
Young girl among the flowers.

Farewell, farewell ! bid grief
Weep life away — and ours
May hope at last that sad relief —
Fair girl among the flowers !



HUNGARIAN WINE.

SAY'ST thou, the land of the wine
Is fed by the blushing Rhine ?
Where the flower-crowned river
Flows bounteous forever,
And life from the heart of the old soul-
giver
Is drunk by the roots of the vine ?

Ah, brighter the topaz beam,
And richer the ruby gleam,
Amid bubbles that play
In the beaker's broad ray,
Where the blue-flashing tides float in music
away
Down the Danube's rolling stream.

And along those plains so grand,
 True heart and welcome hand
 Greet maidens bright ; —
 And, in love or fight,
 The wine they quaff has the strength and
 the light
 Of the brave Hungarian land.

Then, hail to the juice divine
 Of the old Hungarian wine !
 For, what are life's ills,
 On the lip as it trills ? —
 This blood of the grape that trailed on
 the hills
 Of romance, love, war and the vine !



E P I G R A M.

“A CHURCH without a bishop” seems
 To *Doctor This* a thing of dreams ;
 To *Doctor That*, his reverend brother,
 It's just as good as any other.

But while each shepherd, waxing bold
 On merits of his several fold,
 Comes to decisive blows and knocks,
 The wolf devours their several flocks !

DANAË.*

WHEN upon that well-wrought chest
Fiercely beat the howling wind,
Danaë, tossed on ocean's breast,
Owned the dread that filled her mind.

Bathed in tears, her arms she flung
Round her Perseus as he slept ;
“ Child,” she cried, “ what fears have wrung
My hopeless bosom while I wept !

“ With no thought of ill dismayed,
Slumbering in this dreary room,
Thou to sweetest rest art laid,
All unconscious of the gloom.

“ In little purple tunic drest,
Safe thou sleepest, free from care ;
No wild winds thy sleep molest,
Nor waters stir thy clustering hair.

“ Yet, if thou, my precious one !
Felt my tide of sorrow flow,
Not all silent would my son
Hear his mother's wail of woe.

* Simonides.

“Still sleep on, my boy, I cry,
 So rest thou, tumultuous deep !
 And the unmeasured cares that lie
 On my heart, let them, too, sleep !

“Father Jove, I ask of thee
 Vain their evil counsels make ;
 Though the prayer presumptuous be,
 Right my wrongs for Perseus’ sake !”



GOOD FAITH.

FAIR lady, whom a bounteous nature
 Has clothed with all her liberal graces,
 And stamped on every glowing feature,
 Charms stolen from half-a-hundred faces ;

Dowered thus by right divine of Beauty,
 Shared with the lilies and the roses,
 How can I fail to yield as duty
 What your supreme behest imposes !

You bid me write — my gray-goose quill
 Uplifts, at once, its airy feather, —
 And words, obedient at your will,
 Arrange their serried ranks together.

Yet *what* to write! Ay, there's the thing!

To say too little were but treason,
And thoughts let loose on buoyant wing
Might seem transcendent over reason.

Enough! Be this the minstrel's art,

When youth and beauty claim devotion;
And shame befall the recreant heart
Where these no longer rouse emotion!

Then, lady, take the promised strain,

Pledge of one poet's honor spoken,
And learn, whate'er be false or vain,
One plighted word is never broken.



WEBSTER.

MARSHFIELD! where glory long has hovered,

To welcome many a generous guest,
How sad that ruin should have covered
A great man's home — his place of rest!

Yet there still shines the star of glory,

In memory of that honored head,
And future time shall know his story,
That crowned him living — crowns him
dead!

EPITHALAMIUM.

SOUND, — sound the notes of joy,
Sweet pipe and tabret, ring !
And every trembling string
Let the high harp employ ;
Give the heart's voice to words, —
Bid them responsive roll,
While song's enraptured soul
Leaps glowing from the golden chords.

Exulting be the strains,
When, fresh from mingling hearts,
Life's dearest impulse starts
And Love immortal reigns.
Beauty, with manhood's pride !
Now, the full concert bring, —
Now, hymeneals sing, —
Welcome, the bridegroom and the bride.

He comes, the bridegroom comes !
Behold, what generous grace,
And how his manly face
The kindled soul illumes !
Fill high, — let wine-cups flow, —
Wish all his life's bright stream
Glad as their sparkling beam,
And years and honors wreathes his brow.

And she, the blushing bride !
 Of all the lovely band,
 Lead her with gentle hand,
The loveliest to his side.
Ah, from earth's fairest bower,
 What, that most rich is there,
 Can grace her mazy hair !
Joy, joy to her, — Love's sweetest flower !

Now she, his own, — his own ; —
 And he her heart, — her life, —
 By the dear name of " wife,"
And " husband's " household tone !
Home's old unfading blaze
 Grant them, O power divine,
 True as their truth to shine,
And endless blessing crown their days !



THE HAY-MAKERS.

DOWN on the Merrimac river,
 While the autumn grass is green,
Oh, there the " jolly hay-men "
 In their " gundalows " are seen ;
Floating down, as ebbs the current,
 And the dawn leads on the day,
With their scythes and rakes all ready
 To gather in the hay.

The good wife, up the river,
Has made the oven hot,
And with plenty of pandowdy
Has filled her earthen pot.
Their long oars sweep them onward
As the ripples round them play,
And the jolly hay-men drift along
To make the meadow hay.

At the bank side then they moor her,
Where the sluggish waters run,
By the shallow creek's low edges,
Beneath the fervid sun —
And all day long the toilers
Mow their swaths, and day by day,
You see their scythe-blades flashing,
At the cutting of the hay.

When the meadow-birds are flying,
Then down go scythe and rake,
And right and left their scattering shots
The sleeping echoes wake —
For silent spreads the broad expanse,
To the sand-hills far away.
And thus they change their work for sport,
At making of the hay.

When the gundalows are loaded —
 Gunwales to the water's brim —
With their little squaresails set a-top,
 Up the river how they swim !
At home, beside the fire, by night,
 While the children round them play,
What tales the jolly hay-men tell,
 Of getting in the hay !

THE STORM.

UP from mirk midnight to the dawn,
 Waking, I heard the wild wind rout
Sweep through the elms that skirt the lawn,
 With sobbing wail and gusty shout.

Those patriarchs of their race, whose leaves
 Scarce murmured as the zephyrs passed,
Swayed till their branches smote the eaves,
 And groaned in concert with the blast.

Dim broke the morn along the crags,
 That eastward loom above the sea ;
And vapory forms, like weird hags,
 In long procession sail a-lee.

Now, in one sheeted flood it rains ;
But the slant wind's impetuous force
Flings it in streams against the panes,
That tremble with its headlong course.

Anon the sun looked through the rift,
But pallid as his sister moon,
Chasing on high the flying drift,
When glows through heaven night's sober
noon.

At length, uprising toward his height,
Majestic moves the orb of day ;
The parting storm attests his might,
And peaceful nature owns his sway.

Pierced through by that all-cheering beam,
Lie mountain, vale, and forest aisle ;
Gone the long night's tempestuous dream,
And earth and heaven serenely smile.

And all is still, — save from afar
That one low murmur, evermore,
Where wind and wave wage war on war,
And the long roll beats on the shore.

DILLY.

FEBRUARY 26, 1872.

THEE on the bosom of maternal earth,
Ashes to kindred ashes, dust to dust,
Mournful we laid, but with immortal
trust;
For thou wast sweet as sweet the gentle
birth
Of summer morn upon the dusky night;
And thus thy gentle spirit passed the
flight
Of the world's confine to celestial bowers.
Spring's opened heart reviving, soon her
hand
Will spread luxuriant o'er the smiling
land
The rich embroidery of her fragile flowers,
Not one more lovely, or more frail than
thou;
They come, they pass, symbols of life and
death;
But all the earthly breathed in thy last
breath,
And all thy mortal is immortal now.

SUB ROSA.

THE god of Love, sweet Rose !
Thee lovely saw, and chose
An emblem of his power ;
From out thy perfumed fold
His breath of fragrance rolled,
And his own tint imbued the blushing
flower.

At eve, the desert child,
Lonely upon the wild,
Trembled, bedropt with dew ;
He plucked it in its tears,
All sweeter for its fears,
And to the god of silence panting flew.

“ Be this,” he cried, “ my sign, —
Take it, — this hour is mine,
The hush, the glow, the shade, —
Make thou this matchless flower
Symbol in hall or bower,
Of vows and spoken thoughts, but un-
betrayed.”

Since then, when cups went round,
Or, long in silence bound,
To love hearts yielded pride,

Under the rose uphung,
Words that, half whispered, clung
To lips, or uttered, with the moment died.

Thus, round the rose was wreathed,
By Love and Silence breathed,
That old, unbroken spell ;
From such sweet fountain flows
The legend of the Rose,
And thus, *Sub Rosa* means, *You must not tell.*

—♦—

“ΑΡΙΣΤΟΝ ΜΕΝ ΥΑΩΡ.*

Pindar.

“Yes, water is best,” said old Pindar,
And surely a poet should know
What most will stir up or will hinder
The Muse’s inspiriting flow.
If he, of all lyrists sublimest,
By ages on ages confessed,
Pronounces the pure lymph the primest
Of liquors, ’tis surely the best.

But water, too, needs moderation,
Both inward and outward, we know
For the nature of man’s corporation
Demands not a check, but a glow.

* “Water indeed is best.”

Thus that hero of old, Alexander,
Jumped into a river too cold,
And it cured all his fancies to wander,
For dead men no longer are bold.

So, when heated, to swallow ice-water,
The best of physicians declare,
Is only a form of self-slaughter,
And like other potions, needs care.
Hence, either with wine or with whiskey,
The temperate use is the rule ;
Upon each it is bad to get frisky,
And bad to take water too cool.

The soundest divines will taste brandy,
And ladies are fond of a sip ;
Be sure, if the liquor is handy,
It will find its own way to the lip.
Take care, for old "*Experto crede*"
But counsels the moderate use ;
Too much wine does but make one unsteady,
And water too much plays the deuce.

THE COMET.

1858.

YON car of fire, though veiled by day,
Along that field of gleaming blue,
When twilight folded earth in gray,
A world-wide wonder, flew.

Duly in turn each orb of light
From out the darkening concave broke ;
Eve's glowing herald swam to sight,
And every star awoke.

The Lyre re-strung its burning chords,
Streamed from the Cross its earliest ray,¹¹
Then rose Altair, more sweet than words
On music's soul could say.

They, from old time in course the same,
Familiar set, familiar rise ;
But what art thou, wild, lovely flame
Across the startled skies ?

Mysterious yet, as when it burst
Through the vast void of nature hurled,
And shook their shrinking hearts, at first,
The Fathers of the world.

No curious sage the scroll unseals,—
Vain quest to baffled science given,—
Its orbit ages, there it wheels,
The miracle of Heaven.

In nature's plan thy sphere unknown,
Save that no sphere His order mars,
Whose law could guide thy path alone
In realms beyond the stars.

God's minister! We know no more
Of thee, thy frame, thy mission still,
Than he who watched thy flight, of yore,
On the Chaldean hill.

Yet thus, transcendent from thy blaze
Beams light to pierce this mortal clod,
Scarcely a fool on thee could gaze,
And say — “There is no God.”



LEGEND OF THE ROSE.

In the holy field of Bethlehem,
Now many an age ago,
'T is said the people gathered
Around a scaffold low.

And piled against this scaffold
 Fagots and billets stood,
Of cedar, palm, and cypress,
 And the wild olive-wood.

On it a white-robed maiden —
 Her little feet were bare,
But covering all her shoulders
 Streamed her golden flood of hair.

Her eyes were raised to heaven,
 Her hands her bosom prest —
Her sweet, sad face and saintly mien
 Her soul's clear truth attest.

Yet she, of fairest maids most fair,
 Must perish in her bloom,
For false and cruel judges
 Had foully wrought her doom.

Forth, with lit torch, at their behest,
 A haggard menial stept,
While the young men sternly murmured,
 And the shrinking damsels wept.

“ O Jesus ! who with purest feet
 Once trod this sacred ground,
Protect my helpless innocence,
 My wicked foes confound ! ”

Touched was the pile — and all ablaze
The crackling fagots flame,
But never near her little feet,
Or her pure body came.

Oh, what is this ! Down sinks the fire,
Unharmed the maiden stands,
'Mid a bower of loveliest roses,
Instead of blazing brands !

The Rose, of sweetest flowers most sweet,
Thus sprang, the legend said —
The unkindled branches bore the White,
The burning boughs the Red.



McC L E L L A N.¹²

WHEN rose the gloomy cloud of war,
And brother rushed at brother,
And hands so late in friendship clasped
Drew swords against each other ;
Our country hailed with pride and joy
And every tongue was telling,
The leader's name whose star had dawned —
The young and brave McClellan.

But wild and fiercer grew the strife,
And armies, sternly meeting,
Stood face to face on mutual ground,
And thundered hostile greeting.
Then brighter grew his glorious name,
And patriot voices swelling
Renewed the soldiers' shout and cried
"Our hero is McClellan."

But envy aims at all that 's bright,
And strikes the noblest quarry —
So, who but he, our gallant chief,
Should dogs of party worry?
But never half so pure and true,
His fame enshrined is dwelling,
As when his foes their futile shafts
Shoot harmless at McClellan.

Above the weak and factious throng
Whom transient power debases,
His trials show him nobler still,
And every wrong but graces.
Then here 's to him, the just and brave,
Who, all his foemen quelling,
May yet redeem his country's cause —
Our hope and shield, McClellan.

AT WAR.

THE hour is near — the battle set —
And freedom is the holy prize ;
What manly heart can e'er forget
Beneath the tyrant's eyes,
Beneath the tyrant's cruel hand —
How tearful drooped the withering land ?

To live were death, if such were life, —
Of weary thought and wringing pain ;
But hope renews us for the strife —
We burst in arms the chain ;
Ignoble peace the sordid soul
Makes more a slave, as ages roll.

Freedom alone is life ; to die,
Were life so bought upon the field —
Freedom from earth's insensate lie,
That bids its noblest yield
To coward guilt, to worshipped gold,
And all its vicious purpose cold.

We, for the homes we love so dear,
We, for the fields our fathers won,
Meet battle's front, without a fear ;
Beneath this rising sun

Our banners court the breeze ; our word,
Death to the tyrant and his horde !

When stood a people for the right,
But with the will found out the way ?
March ! Truth and honor lead the fight —
March ! Ours shall be the day ;
Down go the holds of wrong and pride,
The King of Hosts is on our side !

SEYMOUR AT CHAPULTEPEC.*

WHEN broke the morning of the day
Chapultepec before us lay ;
Just as the dawn stole o'er the plain
In thunders pealed our battle-train ;
Quick, sharp, the work our gunners plied,
As fast the foe his answers tried ;
Bold heart must stir his manly breast
Who wins yon castle's frowning crest !

Soon came the word, as soon we form,
The dread, but welcome word, to "storm !"
Our chiefs each eager squadron lead,
Each soldier springs at headlong speed ;

* Col. THOMAS H. SEYMOUR, afterwards Governor of Connecticut.

What recked we then of steel or ball,
Or guarded rampart's fiery wall?
Back rolled his host, and face to face
We met that castle's rocky base.

Deadlier the strife! Yon bloody plain
Passed, is but battle's verge to gain;
City of Gold! for native land,
Altars, and homes your brave men stand;
We for our country, far away,
For glory, dare the desperate day;
On! on! our soldiers only know
Behind them shame, in front the foe!

'Mid volumed flame and crashing ball
We plant our ladders to the wall;
The dead and dying lie below,
Up, with a rush, their comrades go;
Now on the blood-streamed parapet,
Hurrah! our troops their footsteps set;
Forward, as wont, to gallant deed,
Howard, McKenzie, Selden lead.

And Seymour! never nobler knight
Met the dark brow of deadliest fight;
Calm in the conflict's furious hour,
Firm as some storm-defying tower;

Never on field of old renown
Could wreath a braver soldier crown,
As, foremost, to his rallying cry
Our column's charge gave swift reply.

Short was the strife — the time how short !
Within that crag-built castle's court.
Enough ! they fight ; they break ; they run ;
Such onset might the boldest shun.
Seymour ! thy hand the flag down tore
Chapultepec's proud fortress bore ;
Heavenward the Stripes and Stars were
thrown,
And Mexico was all our own !

MAY MORNING.

SWEETER than the Summer time,
At its rosiest morning prime ;
Sweeter than its deepening day,
At the noon, among the hay ;
Sweeter than its eve, that brings
All things home and sweetest things
Sweetest month of all the year,
May the darling, May the dear !
Well might poet's welcome greet
May with every name that's sweet.

Bid forth April with his tears,
Now the jovial May appears ;
Farewell, sleet and gusty showers,
Give us songs and give us flowers ;
Welcome May ! ere yet, too soon,
Flame the fervent airs of June ;
June we love, but oh, much more
Love the May, that goes before ;
Prize the promises of May,
More than all that June can pay ;
Joy has no ecstatic treasure
Like the smile of coming pleasure,
So fond Hope exceeds by far
All that joy's fulfilments are.

Now it is the morn of May,
Welcome in the joyful day !
Life revives, that went to rest
On benignant Nature's breast,
And her heart reopening warms
Earth's uncounted hues and forms.
Now the curtained skies unfold
Deeper blue, more lavish gold ;
Tenderer tints on clouds more light
Blush with morn and fade at night ;
Now green tree-twigs sprout aloft,
In the sunshine warm and soft ;

Robed in mottled gray and green
All the freshening woods are seen ;
Fields, so lately sere and dead,
Are with living verdure spread.
Sunny sheltered patches by
Opes some flower its tiny eye ;
Budded under the cold snow,
The fragrant Mayflower long ago,
But full beauty and perfume,
Kept to welcome May in bloom.
Now the bird-voice, silent long,
Bursts into enraptured song ;
Chanted lays and tuneful cries
Ring through woods, and fields, and skies ;
Every bird, on airy wing,
Feels the coming of the spring ;
So each sight and sound of earth
Well may hail young Nature's birth !

Then let boys and girls go out
With a merry, merry shout ;
Scamper o'er the breezy hill,
Rest on stone, by bubbling rill ;
Pluck wild flowers, each youth and maid,
By wild brook, or mossy shade ;
Drink the draught of morning deep,
While their drowsy comrades sleep ;

Hands and aprons full, then come
With their gathered treasures home.
Thus 't is meet to hail the day,
On this merry morn of May ;
And if hearts are true and pure,
These are blisses that endure ;
Happy they, who know no more
Than kind nature's simple lore ;
Happy they, by plain and dell,
Hill and stream, who love her well ;
Happy souls, that sing and play
On the gladsome morn of May !

A HINT.

THERE is a questionable practice
Grown up in Congress ; for the fact is,
Grave senators, to show civility,
And manifest their amiability,
Allude to others, tit for tat,
As "my friend" This, and "my friend" That.
But is it not, among these *patres*,
A little *infra dignitates*,
To stoop from parliamentary ways
Down to a mere colloquial phrase ?
Till such familiar terms show no man
The difference between friend and foeman ?

Say (and the instances I take
Just for the rhyme's despotic sake),
Say, for example, from Missouri
The senator gets up, in fury,
And gives the member from Nevada
Hit after hit, now hard and harder,
And calls him all the while "my friend;"
Does not this mode of speaking tend,
With us outsiders, all of us,
To seem uncommon ludicrous?
No, my dear sir, in private meetings
You should give friendly nods and greetings;
But on the senate-floor your station
Is as a pillar of the nation,
Which stands for nothing else but for
"The honorable senator,"
Who *person* drops, and only bends
His public mind to public ends.

SONNET FOR THE TIMES.*

1862.

UNWREAKED the woe his prophet-lips de-
clared,
Jonah indignant stood; for so the Lord,
Wiser than man, withheld the fatal word;

* On meeting a clergyman, who said he was "going to an indig-
nation *prayer-meeting*."

Than man more merciful, the people spared ;
And sovereign over all his works, endure
 His wisdom and his mercy, still supreme ;
 Man for a moment moulds his feeble scheme,
But God's eternal purpose stands secure.
Not as thou seest He sees, whose perfect
 skill
 Adjusts the balance of each circling world,
 Nor lets thy bolts of partial fury hurled
Work the rash vengeance of man's blinded
 will.
Indignant gifts to him how unforgiven !
And angry prayers return, nor entrance find
 in Heaven.



A VALENTINE,

FEB. 14, 1853.

UPON this day, so legends say,
 In climes than ours more kind,
By field and grove, his mated love
 Doth every warbler find.

Yet if the hours that wake the flowers
 These gentle bosoms move,
What wonder Spring should with it bring
 Some fond appeal to love ?

But, oh, what fears, hopes, doubts, and tears
Proclaim his love divine,
Who, spite of snows and wintry blows,
Comes forth your Valentine.

TARE AND TRET.

SAYS Deacon Sharp to neighbor Gray,
" You've done your job, and here 's your pay ;
Ten silver dollars, new and bright ;
Here, count it, and you 'll find it right."
Now neighbor Gray, a workman good
As ever put a plane to wood,
Too shrewd and honest he to pilfer,
Takes up the shining rounds of silver ;
" Deacon, my bill is ten, you know,
And though your pieces make a show
Of ten in count, yet all this coin
In real value is but nine ;
So, when I pay our friend, the grocer,
In coin like this, he 'll answer, ' No, sir ;
It does not take a wondrous scholar
To tell of tea sold for a dollar,
If ten per cent. from that be taken
I put on ten to save my bacon.'
Who loses, then ? you 'll see at once,
Unless a Congressman and dunce."

WEBSTER, EVERETT, CHOATE.

IN Massachusetts, of our later years,
Three men have lived pre-eminent in
fame;
This like a sun: and he the kingly name
Of our Defender bore, when doubts and
fears
Shook our sad hearts. That, as the moon
appears
Through lustrous clouds, and on his sil-
very tongue
Sweet, rich, and full, persuasion's accents
hung.
The other, as amid the flaming spheres
A constellation, glittering with the light
Of many a star, illuminates the night.
Living, they were the lions of their kind:
Dead, as they rest, each in his honored
grave,
Though currish creatures at their memory
rave,
Stands, and will stand their monument of
mind.

WOMAN.

WHEN golden youth is all our own,
And life is dear and hope is high,
When beauty's voice hath music's tone,
And rapture speaks in beauty's eye;
Ah me, what sweet but dangerous wiles
Lurk in the light of woman's smiles !

But when these glittering dreams decay,
And manhood's cares come thronging on,
When magic youth hath passed away
And life grows dark and hope is gone,—
Ah me, what then can soothe our fears
Like woman's smiles through woman's tears ?

And thus, through life's enchanted maze,
Now wrung by woe's severest pain,
Now borne down pleasure's devious ways,
We taste the bliss and wear the chain ;—
Ah me, how dark our being here
Without that smile, — without that tear !

REDIENS.

KINGS, crowned with conquest, to their realms return —

What myriads hail their power, their deeds proclaim !

Though fields lie waste, and ravaged cities burn,

Fire, famine, slaughter, swell the trump of fame.

Yet, when their state yields to consuming death,

Their freshest laurels like themselves decay;
How brief their record ! And time's flattering breath

In faint and fainter murmurs dies away.

Records there are, that all-devouring Age
But graves more deeply, as it passes by ;

On earth the copy of a fairer page,

First writ, and thence immortal made, on high.

So hallowed his shall live, whose bounteous hand

Two grateful nations own ; 'mid ocean's roar,

What prayers his good ship blessed, from
either strand,
And his memorial crowns each parted shore!

He too, has conquered; yet not human woes,
But deeds of mercy, make his triumphs
known—
Conquests of sordid thought and passing
shows—
And these true glories need no columned
stone.



THE MYSTERY.

NIGHT by night, from study rising,
When laid down the folded leaves,
I see a stream of lonely light,
From a window under the eaves.

It gleams from that upper chamber,
As I seek my midnight rest,
Or, as winter's morning hours begin,
When Orion declines to the west.

I muse, perforce, who that watcher
Through the depth of night may be,
And can only ask of Fancy
To hold out the mystery's key.

Perchance that attic-bird may be
A poet musing his song,
Or, a maiden with a novel —
And if so, it must be long.

Or, who can tell if this guest of night,
'Till morn his gate unbars,
May not prove some searcher of the skies,
Discoursing with the stars ?

But whether sage, or maiden, —
Or if poet his verses weaves,
Late, late in the night gleams that lonely
light,
From the window under the eaves.



STANZAS TO A LADY.

O LADY, take these wilding flowers,
Earliest of Spring's reviving birth,
And emblems, in her freshening bowers
Of all that's bright and best of earth.

In hue so sweet, so pure, so fair,
These symbols of divinest things,
Like maidens court the summer air,
And shrink from Winter's icy wings.

But born from day's irradiant beam

They caught these hues, so softly bright,
Live in the blaze, and only seem
More glorious for the dazzling light.

Far different law must she obey,

Their sister flower, the lovely maid,
And stealing from the glare away,
Owe all her beauties to the shade.



S O N G

ON RETURN OF NATIVES TO NEWBURYPORT.

LET grateful songs ascend on high,
For now the day of days has come,
When swelling heart and moistened eye,
Bid myriad wanderers welcome home.

Each field, and hill, and grassy slope

Recalls — what buried joys and tears!

While memory crowns, in hand with hope,
This harvest of a hundred years.

These are the paths our fathers trod ;

Our sons the faithful thought shall keep
And bless, like us, the sacred sod,
Where fathers and where mothers sleep.

Thus, on this spot; till ages end,
While souls their purest thoughts renew,
The past shall with the present blend
To make the future bright and true.

EPISTLE TO —.

September, 1854.

WHAT various ills assail the honest wight,
Who walks the city's streets, by day or
night,
His common plagues; what open dangers
check
His onward progress, or, unseen, his neck
And limbs imperil, by the headlong course
Of wheel impetuous and unmastered horse!
His garments spattered, when the mud lies
deep;
The blinding dust, when skies forbear to
weep;
How wintry sidewalks trip the incautious
foot,
And snow-piled roofs their melting treasures
shoot,—
Fain would I sing,—but one surpassing ill
Frets every nerve and moulds the Muse's
will.

Shrink not, my soul, inspired by noblest
rage,
To stamp this vice of a degenerate age,
For tottering eld its feeble thanks shall speak,
And blushing praises tinge the virgin's cheek.

“Come then, my friend, my genius, come
along,” —

(Thus with Pope's verse I consecrate my
song),

Come, with the morning seek the busy street,
Where truckmen congregate and merchants
meet;

Or stroll, at noon, along that sinuous way,
Where daily belles their shopping devoirs
pay;

Or, tired of wonted toils, with sauntering
pace,

When evening falls, your homeward steps
retrace,

Pleased with the hope to taste that common
air

Benignant heaven bids all its creatures share ;
To feel the glow, and revel in the wealth
Of open nature's life-reviving health, —
Delusive hope ! alas ! no fragrance strays,
On heaven's pure breath along the city's
ways,

But *puff, puff, puff*, — one vile and vaporous steam
Pollutes the vital air, — and frights your dream !
Refuge, alas ! is none, rush where you will,
For the same plague pursues your footsteps still.
You sleep, — the morning dawns, — its breath repairs
Night's stagnant calm and dissipates foul airs ;
Eager for breakfast, lo ! you jump from bed,
The smoking baker serves you smoking bread ;
Your milkman comes, with glittering can, that yields
The wished-for draught that tells of freshening fields, —
Ah ! though unwatered roll the foamy cream,
What scents nicotian linger on its stream !
Your tougher frame milk poisoned may endure,
But, Sir, your children's stomachs need it pure.
Dinner you buy, — disgust finds slight relief,
For 'tis a smoking butcher sells smoked beef ;
Without, within, methinks 'tis much the same,
One noxious cloud betrays the smouldering flame.

Abroad, in front, the bearded German pours
From mustached mouth the meerschaum's
reeking stores ;

Close on your rear Gaul's gayer gallant trips,
The wreathed smoke curling o'er his hairy
lips ;

Here, 'twixt his teeth his short b'ack pipe
Pat tucks,

There, Jonathan a long-nine vilely sucks,
And oft aside the dainty damsel skips,
To shun the cloud from Cuffee's steaming
lips ;

While fumes narcotic circle round your head,
Nightly, from throats of boys best sent to bed !
You stop,—retreat,—in vain, in vain you
pause,

In long procession breathe the fiery jaws,
Nor better fortune crowns your forward
speed,

Smoke blends with smoke, and clouds to
cloud succeed.

Horror and fell despair surround your path,
You shut your mouth, smothered with smoke
and wrath ;

Fired with a happy thought, you bend your
way

Where the broad Common looks on closing
day ;

And catches from the chambers of the West
Heaven's lingering smile upon its verdant
breast.

“Here, here at least,” you cry, “these green
retreats
Safe from each nuisance of the crowded
streets,
Waft the quick air, whose generous impulse
gives
Play to the lungs, and in the nostrils lives;
Here, where cool zephyrs stir the shaded walk,
Sacred to lovers' strolls, and friendly talk,
Where light coquetry flaunts, with mincing
gait,
And sober seniors move, in grave debate,—
Here, the sage guardians of the city's weal,
By duty taught for others' woes to feel,
Shall wield the baton of imperious Law,—
The weak man's barrier, and the miscreant's
awe,—
With Argus-glance shall watch this hallowed
bound,
Nor let one noisome puff infect the ground.”

Vain thought! even here what steaming
horrors rise,
Stir the quick nose and blear the winking eyes!

Who has not seen (and poured his fruitless
wrath
On the false guardians of the public path)
The slow-paced matron forced from smoke to
fly,
The coy maid panting with a vapory sigh?
Even infant innocence, disturbed in play,
Till sneeze on sneeze drove the foul cloud
away, —
And some poor invalid, with haggard face,
Drag o'er the well-swept walk his faltering
pace;
Turn from the hardened smoker, — turn in
pain,
Sigh for the sweet southwest, and sigh in vain !

And yet I wage no blindly furious war
On Cuba's weed; in fact, a mild cigar
In proper time and place I rather love,
Alone, or when the genial currents move,
And gay discourse and merry laugh afford
Fitting occasion round the social board;
But not in public ways, — and most I urge
From such vile usance free the Common's
verge.
This public health demands; nay more, me-
thinks,
As the smoke rises, public virtue sinks,

While *there*, uncurbed, the odorous incense
flings
Its weedy fragrance on a thousand wings.
For *there*, as legends tell, the drowsy god,
Whose sign of empire is a solemn nod,
Who guards the watchman's nightly sleep,
and sees
That aldermanic men enjoy their ease,—
When the full air stands loaded with the
power
Of its most somnolent and potent hour,
With day's and night's whole stagnant odors
stuffed,—
From cutty pipe, cigar, and meerschaum
puffed,—
Then, by some chemistry, whose secret source
Alone he knows, he gathers all its force
Seizes the smoky vapors, as they rise,
The sleepy essence catches ere it flies,
Through some alembic, with congenial skill
Knows all its wondrous virtues to distil,
In one vast phial seals its nightly all,
And daily pours it over City Hall.

TO A. W. A.*

WHENE'ER I pass a tempting stall,
Where the fruit-venders cheat us all,
A pang, dear friend, my conscience grapples,
In memory of your generous apples ;
To think my muse, the sluggish jade,
Not one poor word of thanks has said.
A peck had been a handsome present,
Twice such a gift *pro rata* pleasant ;
And for a barrel, by my fay !
At market prices who could pay ?
(Those held apiece for half a dime,
With burdened orchards all the time) ;
So, to be sure, I scarce could quarrel
With the grand bounty of a barrel !

Duly it came ; our porter, Hugh,
Tugged it up-stairs, with much ado ;
To what we call our kitchen rolled it,
Having no other place to hold it.
My good wife, pleased beyond all measure,
Welcomed the prize with : " What a treasure ! "
She's a neat hand, sir, at a puddin',
And dropped a hint how very good in

* To acknowledge a barrel of apples.

A light envelopment of paste,
Or baked, or boiled, the fruit would taste.
But I, who seldom say her nay,
Nor, if I did, should win the day,
At once declared it common law
Such apples should be eaten raw.
Our little girl, a sprightly elf,
Made dishes dance upon the shelf,
She capered round with such delight,
When the red Baldwins met her sight.
At first, with suppliant voice and brow,
'Twas: "Papa, break the barrel now;"
Since, from day's dawn to its late close,
"Please, papa, apple," — so it goes.
And when she thinks no eye is watching,
The little elf, occasion snatching,
Steals slyly to the heap, and seizes
The fruit for which all day she teases.

You see, dear sir, your timely bounty,
Ripe produce of old Norfolk county,
Proved a clear gain to Suffolk living,
Helped us to carry out Thanksgiving,
And promises dessert that fits us
Long after Christmas comes and quits us.

HARMODIUS AND ARISTOGEITON.*¹⁸

I'LL cover my sword with myrtle,
So did Harmodius do ;
Both he and Aristogeiton
When they the tyrant slew ;
And in freedom's glorious cause
Gave to Athens equal laws.

Beloved Harmodius ! no, you are not dead,
But in the Islands of the Blest still live,
Where swift Achilles, and with him, 'tis said,
Great Tydeus' son, stout Diomed, survive.

My sword I'll cover with myrtle,
So did Harmodius do,
Both he and Aristogeiton,
When they the tyrant slew ;
'Mid our rites divine, they say,
Slain the man, Hipparchus, lay.

And, dear Harmodius, this forever due
To you and your compatriot glory be,
That him, the people's tyrant, then ye slew,
That ye with equal laws made Athens free !

* Ode attributed to Alcæus.

MILTON.*

WIDEST, to him whose noblest life has
sought

Life's noblest aim, long ere its shadows
close,

Unfolds the golden gate; the stream out-
flows

Whence the free spirit drinks divinest
thought.

Then, visions from the empyrean caught
Imbue the waiting soul; the bridal rose
Of Sharon blended with the lily glows,
For him in one immortal chaplet wrought.

* "He was now poor and blind; and who would pursue with violence an illustrious enemy, depressed by fortune and disarmed by nature?" — *Johnson's Life*.

These high-sounding words only serve to conceal the biographer's real design. He understood nothing of the serene inward satisfaction of Milton's great soul, and was incapable of awarding justice either to his principles or his powers. But there is no semblance of truth in the consequential portion of the passage. It is certain that Milton was quite removed from the deprivations of penury; his own sonnet on his blindness precludes any such appeal to our compassion as Dr. Johnson indicates; and *Paradise Lost*, composed in the condition in which he was, shows where his mind dwelt, though living himself within hearing of the license of a profligate court and subject to popular indifference and neglect. A sentence, like that quoted from the "Lives of the Poets," may be thought, perhaps, a sufficient excuse, at all times, for an attempt to conceive of the blind old bard in a different strain.

Deeper and holier than the hope of youth
The heart's high trust, as mortal ties decay ;
Too oft, our broken manhood tears of ruth
Demands ; at morn, we know not of the
day ;
Fair holds its promise, when, redeemed like
truth,
Clear evening melts in depths of heaven
away.

EPISTLE TO THE LEARNED PROF. HOLDON.

GOOD, honest friend, whose sober eyes
Have learned, betimes, to scrutinize
The length and breadth of Nature's laws,
And construe science through its Cause ;
Watchful to shun each flickering ray,
That leads down Folly's devious way ;
Content (since what can calm its flurry ?)
To see this world run hurry-skurry ;
Yet using well your talent given,
Mindful of strict account with Heaven ;
Tell me, if now the nearing moon *
Puts Nature's concert out of tune,

* The moon

Doth come more near the earth than she was wont
And makes men mad. — *Shakespeare*.

Or, by what madness more insane,
Reason deserts the toppling brain ?

Time was, in every Christian land,
Reason with Faith went hand in hand ;
Science, a dame devout and sage,
Borrowed her lore from Wisdom's page,
And old Experience taught the rules
Not yet decried by hair-brained fools.
Now, topsy-turvy, all's reversed ;
Experience tottles to be nursed,
Children become in science teachers,
And moon-struck women set up preachers,
Reason the cap and bells puts on,
And honest faith is dead and gone.

A sweeping charge ! Alas ! example
Affords us evidence too ample,
For what cheap price and weak pretence
Men barter off their common sense.
Thus, sir, they say 'tis demonstrable,
By vital force infused, a table,—
A sapless, senseless thing of wood,—
Sprightly as good warm flesh and blood,
Will hop, skip, jump, curvet and prance,
Like Satan's hags, in midnight dance !
And some old women give it credit,
As if in newspapers they read it ;

But men, not yet grown transcendental,
Who stand for proofs, as elemental,
Will hold, till facts assure conviction,
The thing a cheat — the tale a fiction.
And yet weak minds, that dare deny
Heaven's lucid truth, hold fast a lie ;
So, eyes congenial with the night
Close their blear'd lids, and flout the light.
No Architect they see, who spreads,
Beneath their feet, above their heads,
His glorious works ; for them in vain
Day flings his blaze, — Night hangs her
train ;
To them, clear truth is but delusion,
Order, perverted to confusion ;
Their thoughts, a jarred and jumbled throng,
Weakness their strength and right their
wrong.

Even man's high immortality, —
The wondrous scenes of Galilee, —
That holy dawn, whose glory stood
On Zion's hill, by Jordan's flood,
Pierced the wide world's incumbent gloom,
And lights earth's weary pilgrim home ;
Yes — all that bids the spirit soar
Where seraphs burn and saints adore,
Poured on their blinded vision, seeins
A tissue wrought of vanished dreams.

Yet they will swear, their proofs are able
To shew that *spirits* move the table !
For since, 'tis plain no table known
Was ever seen to go alone, —
And since, 'tis quite incomprehensible,
Wood should to *fleshly touch* be sensible —
If then its aid no spirit lend
The table on its dance to send, —
Why, Q. E. D., we must infer,
Unless you push — it will not stir !

But since we read, on high abide
Those happy spirits glorified,
Nor leave, for scenes of low employ,
Their pure, eternal seats of joy ;
But, kindled with ascending fire,
Still towards the Infinite aspire ;
Since they, from beatific vision,
Descend on no such petty mission ;
And since, but spirits high and low,
The evil and the good, we know ;
Methinks this thought should give us
pause, —

What spirits are the moving cause ?
Or else, we stumble in the dark,
For mischief yield ourselves the mark, —
If thus we dare, foolhardy grown,
To tamper with the *all unknown* ;

Demean and brutify ourselves,
Mocked, haply, by malicious elves,
Or lured by demons strong in evil,
Imp, fairy, goblin, fiend or devil !
Till the frail man, by reason left,
Or worse, of faith and hope bereft,
Like helmless bark, that finds no port,
Of every wind and wave the sport,
Drives on, through seas tumultuous tost,
His soul's immortal jewel lost !

EPIPSICHIDION.

ONE fleeting year, since first we met,
Has swept down life's receding stream,
And round my memory brightens yet
Each image of that first fond dream ;
Still the sweet vision of thy youth,
Ere fading hopes grew dim with fears,
Lives in my soul, like living truth,
Unchilled by time, unchanged by tears.

One fleeting year ! The Spring's glad prime
Again its wonted course has kept,
And brings once more that holiest time,
When all my heart believed and slept ;

When I, alas ! too sadly cold
For thee, so young, so fond, so true,
Called back my soul from depths of old,
And gave to love and thee their due.

One fleeting year ! And what art thou ?
Say, dost thou feel no touch of pain ?
Shall busy memory sleep, as now,
Nor thought, nor passion wake again ?
Or wilt thou be that giddy thing
I may not, dare not think or say,
That, borne on every breeze's wing,
Flutters love, life, and all away ?

If such thou art, then fare thee well, —
I may but dread thy future years,
When every bright, delusive spell
Has faded, and but left thee tears.
When, in thine hours of cheerless mirth,
Some wakening pang recalls again
A nobler love, — a higher worth, —
The loved, the lost, — in vain, in vain

Yet, oh ! it may not, must not be, —
So bright a soul, — so fair a form,
Still let me dream undimmed I see
To all their early promise warm ;

Hope, that my being's thought refined,
Gleam, caught in beauty from above,
Sweet, sacred vision of my mind,
Still let me dream,—still let me love!

A T R E S T.

AND sweet within thy quiet grave
Shall be thy slumber, long and deep;
The rest that wearied spirits crave
Thy life hath won, and gone to sleep;
Above thy breast the blue-eyed flowers
Bring memories of thy waking hours;
And life but seems a 'wilder'd dream
Since thou, a sweeter flower unshed,
Bloomed here beneath the parting beam
That now but gilds its bed.

I see the violet's gentle eye
Look on me through its folded green,
And softening airs, that scarcely sigh,
Creep o'er that grassy screen;
Above, the chambers of the west
In heaven's descending glories drest,
And many a wild-bird merry makes
With twilight's home-returning stave;
But oh, my heart no longer wakes!
'Tis with thee in thy grave.

And though I may not choose but weep,
The noblest heart of human mould
Around thy place of pleasant sleep,
Beneath earth's virgin fold ;
So soft, so fair, so pure a thing,
Oh, who would claim its earthward wing ?
While sadly sweet from memory's shrine
Immortal breathes a spirit-sigh,
And whispers, " Love so pure as thine
Is earnest of the sky."

THE EAST INDIAN REVOLT.

ONCE more the might of England,
Unconquered and sublime,
Makes glorious annals for the roll
Writ by recording Time.
Triumphant o'er the field of death,
That shrouds her foemen's graves,
Once more her drum-beat cheerly rings,
Once more her red-cross waves.

Beyond the wastes of ocean,—
His rose-clad home afar,—
Beneath the tropic's sickly line,
Her soldier braves the war ;

Steadfast he bared his manly breast,
To do what man could dare,
And drove the savage from his hold,
The tiger to his lair.

Amidst the roar of battle,
The shout and fiery hail,
He heard but woman's anguished cry —
The young child's piteous wail ;
Then Justice moved the vengeful sword,
The impetuous onset led,
And winged the bolts of doom that smote
The crouching traitors dead.

What though where hall and cottage
In life-long anguish mourn,
A thousand households weep for flowers
No Spring can bid return ;
Serene amid the nations
The world's great heart shall feel
Still sits old England, crowned and strong —
God bless the commonweal !



TO A LADY.

LADY ! round whom a happy nature
Has flung her best and choicest treasures,
And made you just the charming creature,
To solace cares and sweeten pleasures.

If wishes were indeed fruition,
And hope could give us all we wanted,
We scarce could ask the Fates' permission
To make you more than they have granted.

For who would lose the spirit's dances
That led us hither now and thither,
Or one of all those brightening glances,
Which oft have chased our cloudy weather?

Or change the wit, whose airy fleetness
Now serves so well to cheer and charm
us,—

But, rob it of its lovely sweetness,
Might prove a thing to wound and harm
us?

But keep,—nor count my wish for treason,—
The all with which your star arrayed you,
The grace, the beauty, and the reason,
And ever be what Nature made you.

Thus glide along a summer current,
With all life has of weal beside you,
Know nothing of its wilder torrent,
Nor any of its ills betide you.

THE ARK OF THE TABERNACLE.

Samuel ii. 6.

WHAT meaneth the tumult, —
The dust and the crowd, —
And the shout of the people
So joyous and loud?
With music and dances
Who leads, as they sing?
Ah, his bearing reveals him —
'Tis David, the King!

In the face of the heathen,
Our camp was afraid,
When the giant defied us,
And Saul stood dismayed, —
Then I saw a bold stripling
Come forth from their ring,
And my heart's prophet-whisper
Said — “David, the King !”

Than Abner more stately,
More regal than Saul,
He towered 'mid the captains,
The chief of them all;
His staff took the shepherd,
His scrip and his sling —

And where is Goliath?
Oh, David, the King !

The holy — the awful —
Of Him, the adored, —
From Kirjath-jearim,
The ark of the Lord,
Home, home, to the city
Of Zion they bring, —
And before it rejoicing
Comes David, the King.

To the deep roll of timbrels
Peal harp-notes air-borne,
The psaltery trembles
And swells the full horn ;
With a glow on his brow,
Like a wild hart his spring,
Advancing and dancing,
Leaps David, the King.

When Dagon fell prostrate,
Philistia's lords,
Plague-smitten, gave back
What they took with their swords ;
Their curse is our blessing, —
Our glory their sting, —
This ark of our safety,
With David, the King.

The altar hath smoked
With the fat of the kine, —
Now the King deals the people
His bread and his wine ;
Benignant and bounteous !
Bid thrill every string,
To the trumpet proclaiming —
Hail, David, the King !

Lo, a face at the window —
How evil that eye !
It is Michal, who scoffs,
As the throng passes by ;
But the gathered handmaidens,
Around her who cling,
Whisper low — ‘ Oh, how glorious
Is David, the King ! ’

Ho, Israel — ho, Judah ! —
Rejoice, oh, rejoice !
For the Mightiest returns, —
Still is Jacob his choice !
Our tribes in the shadow
Shall dwell of His wing —
Rest, — rest doth he give us
With David, the King !

PILGRIM SONG.

OVER the mountain wave
 See where they come ;
Storm-cloud and wintry wind
 Welcome them home ;
Yet where the sounding gale
 Howls to the sea,
There their song peals along,
 Deep-toned and free : —
Pilgrims and wanderers
 Hither we come ;
Where the free dare to be,
 This is our home !

England has sunny dales —
 Dearly they bloom,
Scotia has heather-hills,
 Sweet their perfume, —
Yet through the wilderness
 Cheerful we stray,
Native land — native land,
 Home, far away ;
Pilgrims and wanderers, etc.

Dim grew the forest-path —
 Onward they trod ;

Firm beat their noble hearts
Trusting in God !
Gray men and blooming maids,
High rose their song,
Hear it sweep, clear and deep,
Ever along ;
Pilgrims and wanderers, etc.

Not theirs the glory-wreath
Torn by the blast ; —
Heavenward their holy steps —
Heavenward they past ;
Green be their mossy graves !
Ours be their fame,
While their song peals along,
Ever the same —
Pilgrims and wanderers, etc.

MY SHIP.

A WHITE sail gleamed across the bay ;
“ Is it my ship ? ” a maiden cried,
“ Or some lone cloud ? ” I heard her say,
“ Such as my grand-dame’s eye espied ? ”

Oft couched around the evening blaze,
When shadows flickered on the wall,

What tales, methought, of other days
That fair girl's simple words recall?

What freighted barques, on many a breeze,
Came laden with their precious store,
From isles of spice and Indian seas,
Of silks and gems and glittering ore.

Our nurse of all these wonders told —
“ When comes our ship, though yet unseen,
Julian shall have a watch of gold,
And Marion pearls to fit a queen.

“ And Kitty darling for her share,
We'll say a richly broidered gown,
Or something yet more rich and rare,
The prettiest doll from London town.”

So ran the legend ; and our eyes
Grew wider as the talk went on ;
How fancy revelled in each prize,
Prize, ship, and all like shadows gone !

My sea-beat home upon the shore
Looks far across the mournful main,
But on that sea such barque before
I ne'er beheld, nor shall again.

Illumined by that damsel's glance
Earth, sea and sky a glamour cast ;
High waved her snowy arm ; her dance,
As neared the ship, grew light and fast.

Down clanged the anchor, and anon
Out sprang a boat to reach the land,
As swiftly as the beach it won
Leaped a young seaman to the strand.

Stood heart to heart, and lip to lip
That captain and the maiden fair —
“ My ship ! ” she cried, and he, “ your ship
“ And mine, dear love ! ” My dream was air.



AT THE GATE.

“ AND where were you just now, Mabel,
Where have you been so long ?
The moon is up, and all the birds
Have sung their evening song.
I saw you loitering down the path,
So lonely and so late,
Beyond the well and lilac-bush,
And hanging at the gate.”

“I love to hear the birds, mother,
And see the rising moon,
And, oh, the summer air is sweet
Beneath the sky of June;
My cow is milked, my hens are cooped,
And washed are cup and plate;
So I just wandered out awhile,
To hang upon the gate.”

“The gate is by the road, Mabel,
And idle folks go by,
Nor shouls a maiden brook the glance
Of every stranger eye;
Besides, I thought I saw a cap,—
I’m sure you had a mate;
So, tell me who, with you, my child,
Was hanging at the gate.”

“Now, you know just as well, mother,
’Twas only Harry Gray;
He spoke such words to me to-night,
I knew not what to say;
And, mother, oh, for your dear sake,
I only bade him wait,—
And might I run and tell him now?
He’s hanging at the gate?”

THE SKATER.

BROWN, stiff, and heavy, with increasing
years,

Would rival still young Agile with his peers,
His ledger, long the witness of his skill ;
A stool his station and his tool a quill.

The crystal stream invites ; he binds his skates,
And trusts his neck to ice and slippery fates,
Say, shall he fly, perched on the ringing
steel,

Cut the clear eight, or trace the rounded
wheel ?

Ah, use alone even balance can command ;
Capers, alas ! why scarcely can he stand ;
Down, prostrate, backwards, the first step he
tries,

Ten thousand stars dance in his swimming
eyes,

The youngsters crowd around, too kind by
half,

Proffer quick aid, yet scarce conceal their
laugh ;

His skates unlaced, he seeks the friendly
shore,

Convinced at length his skating days are
o'er.

DEDICATORY HYMN.

For a Public Library, 1883.

AIR: *America.*

IMMORTAL mind to raise
Above the world's low ways,
By truth's clear thought ;
For this we build the hall,
And spread upon its wall,
Freely for each and all,
What mind hath wrought.

Life glows along the page,
Kindles from age to age
The sober mind ;
Brings, through the poet's dream,
Scenes that both are and seem,
Lit up by fancy's gleam —
Light to the blind.

Thus gathered from afar
And near, what treasures are
Brought home to view !
Be this a sacred store
Of young and elder lore ;
May time forevermore
Its life renew !

COOLNESS.¹⁴

WHEN Fritz the Great, that king of men,
For kingdom and for crown,
Was battling Europe's leagued array,
In arms to put him down ;
At Cassel, by his force besieged,
'Tis thus the story runs —
The Graf Von Lippe-Buckerburg
Commanded his big guns.

Among the monarch's leaders
A noted man, this Count,
None worked a battery like him,
None braver steed did mount ;
A little queer and whimsical,
Of the old German kind,
And stiff as was the pigtail,
That hung his neck behind.

And now the king's birthday had come ;
To grace that glad event,
The choicest comrades of the Count
He feasted in his tent ;
Be sure the wine flowed freely,
Be sure they ate their fill ;
They chattered, jabbered, joked, and smoked,
As only Germans will.

At length, outspoke among the guests
Perchance the soberest wight,
Where, on such grand occasion,
No doubt, they all were “tight,”—
“And pray, Herr Graf, what sound is this
Comes now and then, so clear,
A sort of whistling overhead—
Hark! that’s it now, I hear?”

“Oh, that is nothing,” spoke the Count,
“I bade my gunners there
To hit our tent-pole, if they could—
But see, they hit the air!
The mark is safe enough for them,
Such blunderers, I’ll be bound,
So there’s no danger, gentlemen,
And pass the bottle round!”



THE SLAVE-SHIP ; AFRICA.

BEHOLD the land! ’T is noontide’s fiery
calm,
Through its dry deserts, gemmed with isles
of palm,
Fierce noontide glares on ocean’s wide ex-
panse,
That bright and breathless sleeps beneath its
glance,

And one broad blaze, intense and lurid,
lies,
Scorches the glassy plain and melts the
skies.

Within the offing and beneath yon bank,
Where steaming jungle swelters, foul and
dank,
There the black ship hangs pendent on the
tide,
Without one swell to lift her lazy side,
No wonted sounds proclaim, with cheerful
din,
A stirring, eager, warlike world within,
But mute and haggard, listless creatures
creep,
And throw a vacant glance across the deep,
Hang o'er the rail, beneath the awning's
shade,
And muse in silence on their dreadful trade.
Below those hatches, whence the tainted air
Springs, a foul column, in the noonday glare,
Are sights the soul turns loathing from and
faint,
And all that shrinking pity cannot paint;
Such as might quench the accursed thirst of
gold,
And only avarice coldly dares behold.

Above, a vulture flaps her leaden wings,
Scents the keen joy her nightly banquet
brings,
In lessening circles wheels her drowsy way,
And screams, impatient, for the coming prey.
Beneath, the hateful and ill-omened shark
Attends, a constant guest, the friendly
barque,
Turns up his ghastly maw, in eager haste
The floating oak's discovered freight to taste,
Rubs his fierce jaws against her sounding
side,
And longs to hear a dash upon the tide ;
Till now the rolling wave and flapping sail
Announce on wonted wings the evening
gale ;
The anchor comes apeak, and with the
breeze
She gayly springs to meet the freshening
seas,
And as she dances, like a joyful thing,
Hope in her course, and freedom on her
wing,
What hearts are theirs, through ocean's
living foam
With freight like this to mix the thought
of home !

LETTER FROM THE CITY TO THE COUNTRY.

DEAR SUE, I'm arrived in the city,
And what do you think I have done?
Looked up all the things that are pretty?
Beaux, bonnets, fans, ribbons, and fun.
Ah no, my dear love, no such folly —
These things I no longer adore,
New light has now dawned on your Polly,
And she votes her old idols a bore.

Oh, my dear! what a sweet revolution
Is soon coming off, as they say;
Social life has been proved an illusion
And old things have all had their day.
I was told this was nature's intention,
By the loveliest socialist man,
Who said things which I don't care to
mention —
But they all enter into the plan.

They've found that this much-lauded *Reason*
After all is but shallow pretence, —
That our instincts we always must seize on,
And deem impulse our only good sense.

Thus, by instinct the bee makes his honey,
Yet not for himself it is plain ; —
Did he reason, one drop for no money
Should we ever get from him again.

So the sheep grows his fleece for another,
And the bird by his song only begs,
From his nest that wild Dick, your dear
brother,
And our Tommy may pluck out the eggs.
Thus pleasure becomes a mere duty,
By nature and instinct made clear,
And all things converted to beauty —
Quod erat demonstrandum, my dear.

Perhaps I don't make the whole matter
So plain as I wish it might be,
But I'm only just learning to smatter
Of all the sweet things we shall see.
To explain, as you know, not my trade is,
The convention will soon do it all,
By the masculine sex's old ladies,
Who lack only bonnet and shawl.

And then, only think, they do tell us
We're to vote and to train, my sweet Sue !
That we sometimes train now, the young
fellows
Dare say, and perhaps it is true.

But this is a different story ;
We're to march, but without any arms,
Filles du regiment, onward to glory,
And the victory owe to our charms.

If our country should e'er be invaded,
Of war we must meet the dread brunt,
All the feminine host be paraded,
And the prettiest girls to the front.
Ah, then will be seen, though the foeman
Ferociously threaten the war,
How victory waits upon woman,
And still love be the conquering star.



A FAMILIAR EPISTLE,

TO HON. THOMAS F. BAYARD, U. S. SENATOR FROM
DELAWARE. 1875.

BAYARD, whose name of chivalry the pride,
Since on the field its great exemplar died,
With laurels now to peaceful victories dear,
Still stands untarnished by reproach or fear :
Resolved in spirit, and to honor true,
Thine be the meed to stainless patriots due.
Through the long conflict when fraternal
blood
Swept o'er the land in many a guilty flood ;

When tyrant Power askance pale Justice
eyed,
And fettered Law wept silent by her side ;
When Faction reared on high her serpent
crest,
Advanced the mean and sacrificed the best ;
Scoffed at the memory of our father's graves,
And in the name of freedom made men
slaves, —
Unmoved by clamor that the coward awes,
Thou stood'st superior for the good old cause ;
That cause eternal, since first human wrong
The weak made subject and oppression strong.
As the brave oak, whose boughs though
tempests thin,
Still bears whole fleets its sturdy breast within,
While the lithe willow shivers in the blast,
And bends and breaks, a thing of shreds at
last.
War palliates crime, 'tis said, though con-
science pleads
With sad, low voice for every heart that
bleeds,
When battle's triumph on the sanguine plain
Leads far worse ruin in its haggard train :
Fire, rapine, murder, famine, lust, — the all
Of direst ills that gentle minds appall.

Yet not all evil; for 'mid war's alarms
Home thoughts will rise, with soft, endearing
charms,
Of wife, child, parent, sweetheart, far away,—
Those whom we love, who love for us to pray;
And noblest actions oft will lend their grace,
Like flowers luxuriant in a rugged place,
To warrior breasts, when men with heart and
hand
Are ranged embattled for their native land:
Of self regardless, hurt by other's pains,
His whom Mount Vernon's hallowed tomb
contains;
A Sidney, to the dying soldier's lip
Proffering the draught his own had longed
to sip;
Or brave McClellan, crossed by wayward
fate,
Called at the last extreme to save the state;
Foiled first by treacherous counsels in his rear,
When Faction, dreader far than hosts more
near,
Sworn that his march no conquest should
secure,
Robbed him of arms that would have made it
sure;
Victor at last, his laurels torn away,
Of base cabal the victim and the prey,

Another Rubicon before his eyes,
Disdained magnanimous the guilty prize ;
Questioned his heart in patriot virtue strong,
Made law his law, and nobly bore the wrong.

But, oh ! when Peace resumes its holiest
reign,

And hostile brethren might be friends again,
Say, should the great Republic, firmer grown
By the sharp strife within her,— with her
own,

Her own rash children, in the world's applause
Rebels owned heroes for their ruined cause ;
Lee, dead heart-broken for the field they
lost,

And stalwart Jackson, harnessed, at his post ;
Say, should she deal the fallen a needless
blow,

Proclaim VÆ VICTIS ! — TO THE CONQUERED
WOE ?

Ride like a Vandal victor o'er the plain,
The dead to trample, and re-slay the slain ?
Or seize the precious moment to efface
Of war's foul canker every festering trace ?
In realms, none lovelier that the journeying
sun,
Through all his wondrous circuit, looked
upon ;

Bid prostrate towns revive from ruin's verge,
See prostrate men to manlier life emerge,
And freshening fields like gardens deck the
wild,
Forlorn where once the burdening harvest
smiled ;
Her aliened sons, returning to her side,
Clasped now with more than old maternal
pride,
And leagued with brothers on a hostile field,
Against a world in arms her spear and shield.

Such thoughts were thine and theirs, whose
generous hope,
Bounded within no party's narrow scope,
Hailed the proud Union to itself restored,
And claimed the grace its greatness dared
afford.
Even Grant felt this, when by the James's
banks
Lee rendered up his half-starved dwindled
ranks,
And noble souls, the comrades of his power,
Softened the promptings of stern victory's
hour.
But, oh ! the change when that cold schem-
ing crew,
The pest of nations to themselves untrue,

The greedy placemen foully set on high,
Through lowest arts that lure the vulgar
eye,

In power imperious, and to self so prone,
They count the public pocket for their own ;
Who heard the whisper of a South restored
Like the low summons to a funeral board ;
Sent forth the carpet-bagman's horse-leech
brood,

To scatter firebrands — for their country's
good ;

Made him their tool, the soldier who could call
Late foes new friends, by Richmond's lea-
guered wall.

For since, in reason's view, their party sway
Bore on its front the signs of swift decay,
These self-styled patriots round the country
raved,

To save a Union, by its arms well saved ;
Their novel mode that Union to cement,
Of parts self-joining to enlarge the rent ;
With specious pretexts propping up their
cause,

Weighed down by fictions of unequal laws,—
Laid out vile schemes, contrived of force and
fraud,—

The soldier here, the bagman all abroad,

Quick to invade, yet sure to sneak away
Before comes retribution's fatal day ;
His shrewd prevision against showery blasts
To make his harvest while the sunshine lasts.
And the coarse negro, just from bondage
freed,—

The vote he renders could he learn to
read ! —

Struts to the polls, with head and heart
elate,

To hold the balance of a nation's fate !

Till right reversed, and uppermost the wrong,
Confusion blinds, and folly leads the throng ;
And fearful spirits in the murmuring wind
Hear prophet tones of direr woes behind.

Thus venal statesmen ply their hollow
trade,

Worthy the sense and morals of Jack Cade ;
Until, as erst in Rome's declining day,
The consul styled bore a dictator's sway ;
Ere shone at length on history's dubious
page

The lurid light of an Augustan age,
And after years beheld the fitful blaze
Of the old glory through time's misty haze ;
And thus our modest magistrate-in-chief,
Who deems accustomed limits far too brief,

Scarce graced with gift of words men's hearts
to touch,
It seems, like Cæsar's Cassius, thinks too
much,
Aspires to drag in chains his servile "Ring,"
And be in all but name our western King!

Such the long trial, dark with troubled
scenes,
Of public burdens grinding private means ;
Of wild finance, and impotent delay
Just debts incurred with honest coin to
pay ;
States crushed beneath the heel of lawless
might ;
A mongrel rule enforced of black and white ;
Veiling base purposes with false pretence,
Alien to nature, truth, and common-sense :
Fraudful to use their country's hapless
hour,
To make perpetual their ill-gotten power ;
Their means the very idol they despise,
Place to maintain, and hold each plundered
prize ;
To keep the great republic's glorious name,
But change its substance for a hollow frame ;
Power stealing from the many to the few,
Just as of yore tyrannic parties grew :

To make their factious will the law supreme,—

All the old freedom gone,—a vanished dream,—

A broken Constitution out of date,
One man at length to rule and be the State:
Enough to stir old patriots in their graves,
That their own children's children could be slaves!

A desperate game! but played for their own sakes,

Their country's fortunes and themselves the stakes!

Then the 'progressive' party's chosen band
Scattered their traitorous murmurs through the land,

Scouted the sovereign people's claim to rule,
And legends taught of some old regal school!
"Republics long," they cried, "had lost their soul;

Better a monarch's, than a crowd's control!
For what are kings but patrons glad to lend Substantial gifts to every solid friend?

Divided States no common ills can cure,
A central nation makes our safety sure."
Thus civil war its due results had borne
Of weakened minds and moral sense out-worn,

And many a fool and many a knave professed

Such salutary revolution best,—

To raise some lucky soldier to the throne,

Cæsar in fact, though not as Cæsar known;

Till downward progress soon revealed the lair

Where the old anarch spread his fatal snare.

Thy sober voice, from council's higher seat,

Denounced the folly and exposed the cheat,

And the true people, roused, obeyed the call,

That saved the tottering nation from its fall!

Through weary years, drawn out beyond the date

Of Troy's proud towers and temples doomed to fate,

'Mid storms of faction, thine the nobler strife

To wake the bleeding land to fresher life;

To heal the wounds by war's dread struggles made,

To grasp the hand that held a hostile blade;

To make the lowliest as the loftiest feel

Their hope concentrated in the common weal;

Once held the just republic's equal scheme,

A glorious vision, if it were a dream!

Leaving to meaner minds their low affairs,

Their false ambitions and degrading cares,

Assured that parts diseased infect the whole,
Thy country's ALL engaged thy statesman's
soul.

Such counsels thine, so generous, wise, and
true,

To nature, reason, virtue, country due :
For nature, steadfast to her primal plan,
Marks by fixed bounds the social state of
man ;

Reason rejects philanthropy abused
That makes confusion's jumble worse con-
fused ;

Virtue revolts good morals to debase
Through mixed superior and inferior race ;
And country bound by every claim to find
Her chosen rulers in her wiser mind,
That holds no rule by wavering conscience
strained,

A "higher law" than Heaven's decree or-
dained.

Through this wild turmoil, when vindictive
rage

Wrote damning records on our history's
page,

Law to uphold, to reassure the right,
And foil each mean device of party spite,

When Justice, robed within her sacred pale,
Saw the rough soldier's sword depress the scale ;
On high commission to explore the game,
In States defrauded of their sovereign claim ;
Franchise denied to men of sober worth,
Lavished on hireling gangs,— the dregs of earth ;
To make the cheat, the force, the mockery plain,
And find, alas ! the labor all in vain ;
Thy stern rebuke in calm and storm was heard,
And pierced the future like a prophet-word.
Till now, when Freedom breathes a deepening sigh,
Loath to depart, yet tempted sore to fly,
Thy voice indignant swells the loud appeal
To minds that think allied to hearts that feel ;
Now, now, when ruffians armed have dared
intrude
Where grave lawgivers mould the common good ;
Stamp with rude heel the floor by sages trod,
Like Cromwell's troopers, at their master's nod ;
Yet to be taught they can but play the fool,
In precincts sacred, save when despots rule.

Hence, O my friend, while yours the "serious call"

To guide a nation in its senate hall,
I, musing much, from such high duties free,
This greeting send by the resounding sea.

ARNAULT'S WITHERED LEAF.¹⁵

From the French.

"FROM the branch that bore thee torn,
Whither, poor dry leaf, forlorn,
Goest thou?" "I cannot tell;
From the storm-struck oak I fell;
That was my support alone;
But by fickle breezes blown,
Now the West wind, now the North,
Since that day, have led me forth,
From forest to the field, at will,
To the valley, from the hill;
Whither wafts their breath I go,
Nor alarm nor trouble know;
I go whither all things tend,
Where the rose-leaf has its end,
Where the laurel-wreaths descend."

NATIONAL HYMN.

1856.

GOD bless our native land !
Confirm its wide command,
 And hope sublime ;
Fill it with all increase,
Bid every discord cease,
Keep all its States in peace,
 To endless time.

His blessing wrought our power,
Made, in the favoring hour,
 The many one ;
Quelled all our secret foes,
Guarded from open blows,
Restored the grand repose,
 When wars were done.

God bless our native land !
Hold fast his guiding hand,
 Show us his face ;
In storm and doubt and fear
Our God ! thy people hear,
Our fathers' God ! appear,
 And grant thy grace !

IMITATION OF HORACE.

Quis desiderio sit pudor, etc.—Lib. I., Od. xxiv.

WHAT time can bring relief—

What blame reprove our grief?

The well-beloved lies low!

The funeral strains prolong,

O muse of tragic song,

With liquid voice and harp attuned to woe!

Does, then, perpetual sleep

Hold him! And make us weep

In vain to seek through earth,

For honor so unstained,

Such manly truth maintained,

Such glory won and worn by modest worth?

By all the good deplored,

No tears sincerer poured,

Than fell thine own, O friend!

Yet pious thou in vain,

Claiming for earth again

Gifts, which kind Heaven on no such terms
will lend.

No fond desires avail,

Friendship's deep want must fail,

Even love's devout demand;

Inexorable Death,
 Pledges of deathless faith,
 Keeps souls once gathered to the shadowy
 land.

And oftenest to that bourne
 They pass, nor more return,
 The best we miss the most ;
 Hard seems the stroke of fate, —
 But Heaven bids us wait,
 And there, at last, rejoin the loved, the lost.



“A P P E A L.”

To her Grace, the Duchess of Sutherland, and other ladies, who are preparing an “Appeal” on the subject of slavery (1854).

YE noble British ladies,
 “Who live at home at ease,”
 How less than little do you know
 Of things this side the seas.
 A gloomy shadow o’er the deep
 Some morbid fancy throws,
 And straight, what pearls are in your eyes,
 That fall for unfehl woes !

Methinks, the while your gentle minds
 Project this new crusade,
 And with “Appeals” to flinty hearts
 This hapless land invade,

On Georgia's broad savannas,
By Carolina's streams,
The merry, careless negro mocks
Your unsubstantial schemes.

Ah, many a surly freeman,
In many an English cot,
Who gnaws his hard-wrung, bitter bread,
Might envy him his lot ;
No starving household round his board,
No helpless, hopeless grief,
To which nor time, nor charity,
Nor law can bring relief.

No doubt, in England's lordly halls,
Consummate virtue dwells ;
And "huts where poor men lie" are sweet,
By vales and verdant dells ;
With us, this "bright improvement"
"The car of Time" must bring ;
Your virtue blooms, a flower matured,
Ours but a bud of Spring.

Green grows the grass in Erin's isle,
Where houseless wretches sleep,
Where pines the toiling artisan
Earth's common breezes sweep ;

And all heaven's congregated stars
On "towered cities" beam,
Where meagre fingers stitch the shirt
By the midnight taper's gleam.

Hold back the "stone," fair ladies,
Restrain your generous glow,
Nor heed the sad and silly stuff
Retailed by Mrs. Stowe ;
Her feverish sheet as justly
Your Yankee friends portrays,
As "Wuthering Heights," that wicked book,
Your rural English ways.

And, on these shores, though 'twixt us rolls
The broad Atlantic wave,
Are hearts as true to human woe,
As piteous to the slave ;
But oh ! beyond the griefs you mourn
Looms many a darker ill, —
And thus we use our common sense,
And trust our conscience still.

Ah, fair and gentle ladies,
You know not what you do ;
'Mid all the ills you seek to cure
Perchance are blessings too ;

Dread, lest your gifts be like that one,
Ere human woes began,
Wherewith your primal ancestress
Betrayed and ruined man !

MRS. GRUNDY.

IF I should have a call on Sunday
From that old gossip, Mrs. Grundy,
I'd surely put her by till Monday,
Then send her off, since 'tis the "dun-day."
Since next in order would be Tuesday,
I'd say, "Why, don't you know 'tis news-
day?"

I would not see her, sure, on Wednesday,
Her tattle is not fit for "friends'-day;"
And if she came again on Thursday,
I'd say, "There could not be a worse day
Nor could I hear you, ma'am, on Friday,
Which churchmen count a sort of dry-day;
And as to listening on Saturday,
No nonsense suits that busy latter-day."

CIVIL WAR ANTICIPATED.

IT comes, like the tempest that startles the morning,

Where summer smiled blooming in beauty before,

And falls on our hearts with a wail, like the warning

Of pestilence borne o'er the wave to the shore!

Mourn, mourn, O my country, thy young beaming glory,

That ushered to earth the pure light of its story?

The flush of thy youth dimmed with treacheries hoary;

Alas, for the promise of ages to be!

When dismay clouds with darkness the land of the free.

Ah, sad be the hour, when the honor that cherished

Thy greatness and glory with them shall decay,

The hopes of the world clustered round thee all perished,

And freedom that blazed on thy dawn fades away;

When faction, its schemes of destruction pursuing,
And foes to thy peace plot to work thy undoing,
While friends thou hast trusted consent to thy ruin;—
Alas, for the promise of ages to be!
When shame darkens down on the land of the free.

For wild through the future where clouds are upheaving,
The herald of wrath rears his war-lighted brand;
To tears the ungrateful our Genius is leaving,
And the blood of her children shall crimson the land:
Then, cowards and traitors shall look on the vision,
And tyrants and anarchs laugh loud in derision,
And lost be forever high liberty's mission;—
Alas, for the promise of ages to be!
When darkened with shame sinks the land of the free!

THE FIRST ECLOGUE OF VIRGIL.¹⁶

Literally translated.

MELIBŒUS. TITYRUS.

MELIBŒUS.

TITYRUS, you in the shade of the wide-spread
beech-tree reclining, —
Your rustic lay, attuned to the slender pipe,
are composing ;
Our country's bounds and pleasant fields we
leave behind us ;
Our country we flee from, while you in the
shade, O my Tityrus,
Teach the wood, at your ease, the name of
the fair Amarylls,

TITYRUS.

O Melibœus, a god all this security gave me ;
For to me will he be a god ever ; often his
altar
The blood of the tender lamb from our own
sheep-folds shall moisten.
It was he who allowed, as you see, my oxen
to loiter,
And me on this rustic pipe to play what-
ever strains pleased me.

MELIBŒUS.

I do not grudge it to you. I only wonder,
on all sides
Disturbed as the country is; and see, here
 am I so sadly
Driving my herd far away, this she-goat pain-
fully leading;
For here, only now, her twins on the bare
 rock delivered,
The hope of the flock, she left, ah, left among
 the thick hazels.
Often this ill (if then my wits had been
 clearer)
Now I recall how the oaks struck with light-
ning predicted;
Often the boding crow from the hollow holm-
 tree foretold it.
But, Tityrus, this god of yours—tell us
 something about him.

TITYRUS.

Once, Melibœus, I thought that Rome, the
 city they name so,
Foolishly thought like this town of ours,
 whither so often
We shepherds are wont to drive down our
 lambs for a market.

Just as whelps are like dogs full-grown, like
its dam as the kidling,
So knew I the truth, using small things with
great ones to measure.
But Rome raises her head exalted above
other cities
As high over creeping shrubs stand lofty
cypresses towering.

MELIBCEUS.

But tell me, for seeing Rome what was your
special occasion?

TITYRUS.

Liberty moved me, but late, and regarded me
still though so sluggish,
Even after my beard whitening fell under the
clipping;
Liberty cast back her glance and after long
time she came to me,
Since Amaryllis lived with me, and Galatea
departed.
For I must needs confess, that Galatea en-
chained me,
I had little care for freedom and of my affairs
took as little.
What though many a victim went duly from
my inclosures,

And cheeses ever so rich were pressed for the
thankless city,
Never, then, my right-hand came home over-
burdened with money.

MELIBŒUS.

I wondered why so sad you invoked the gods,
Amaryllis !
For whose dear sake it could be on the tree
you left your apples ;
Tityrus was away ; and " Tityrus," cried she,
" the pine-trees,
And these very fountains call you loud to
come home, and these orchards."

TITYRUS.

What could I do ? Never there could I cast
off my bondage,
Nor, except at Rome, approach powers di-
vinely propitious.
There saw I him, the youth, for whom in
each year, Melibœus,
One day, every month, our altars shall smoke
in his honor ;
There this word, at once, he vouchsafed to
my supplication —
" Feed your cattle, as before, lads, and yoke
up your bullocks."

MELIBŒUS.

O lucky old man ! your fields will still be
your portion ;
And quite large enough is the farm ; though
a rocky barren may bound it,
And the swamp with its slimy bulrush may
spread over other pastures,
No unaccustomed fodder the languid breeders
shall injure,
Nor the ills of neighboring flocks affect them
with contagion.
You will enjoy the cooling shade, old man
blest by fortune !
Among these familiar streams and consecrated
fountains.
Here shall the hedge, that stands the con-
tiguous landmark,
Where ever Hyblæan bees feed on the flower
of the willow,
Often lull and invite you to sleep with its
gentle murmurs ;
There, beneath the high rock shall the vine-
dresser sing to the zephyrs,
Nor shall the wood-pigeons, your delight,
cease their cooing,
Nor the turtle-dove fail to moan from the top
of the elm-tree.

TITYRUS.

Sooner, therefore, nimble stags in air shall
seek pasture,
And the straits leave their fish to live on the
dry strand uncovered;
Sooner, wandering both, from their own
country's confines exiled,
Of Araris Parthians shall drink, of Tigris the
German,
Than shall be effaced his image, on my heart
deeply imprinted.

MELIBŒUS.

But as for us, some must go hence to Afric
the thirsty,
To Scythia some, or the swift stream of Crete,
Oaxes,
Or isles of the Britons, from all the world
wholly divided.
Ah, even after long years shall I see my
country's borders?
Behold here the turf-covered roof of my poor
little cottage?
See and admire my old home, when harvest
has followed on harvest?
Shall the brutish soldier then possess these
so well-tended fallows?

The alien have my crop ? Ah, whither does
civil discord
The wretched people lead, sowing fields for
just such creatures !
Ah, poor Melibœus ! graft your pears, and set
vines in order !
Come, come, my once happy flock, let us now
be on our journey ;
Never more, hereafter, shall I, stretched by
the mossy cavern,
Watch you far away on some shrub-covered
rock seem hanging ;
I shall sing no more songs ; nor will you
under me, your shepherd,
Nibble the flowery heather, or browse on the
bitter willows.

TITYRUS.

Hark you, to rest with me overnight would
be the best for you,
You shall sleep on fresh boughs, and I've
some very ripe mild apples,
Mealy chestnuts, and cheese of the choicest
kind in plenty ;
And now, see the chimneys of the distant
farmhouses smoking,
And out from the lofty hills the lengthened
shadows are stretching.

SONNET.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

WINTHROP, the heir of a descended fame,
In private worth and public virtue known.
Since your good ancestor a leader shone
With those who bore the Pilgrims' honored
name,—

Count it no loss that now thy well-won claim,
By manly service, wrought with heart and
hand,
Must yield its vantage to the veering gale,—
Thus yield (since neither thine the wrong
nor shame),

As the best pilot, when the treacherous land
Lies on his lee, more closely hauls his sail
Against the adverse breeze, and quits the
shore,

And battles bravely on the open main,
With wind and beating sea, till soon again
The heavens propitious smile, and all is
bright once more,

WASHINGTON.

This Sonnet was prepared and read at the Inauguration of the statue of Washington, erected at Newburyport, at the expense of Mr. Daniel Tenney, of New York, a native of Newburyport.

THROUGHOUT the world, among the sons of men,
What fame like thine, beyond the reach of time ?
Heroes and kings, by history's supple pen,
Emblazoned stand, too oftenest known for crime ;
But thy pure record, generous and sublime,
Reveals nor stain nor blot the light to mar,
Which shines through all those living lines,
that show
How honest duty was thy guiding star ;
In the hard present patient, and afar
Seeing the glorious future's radiant bow ;
Great in the field, and in the chair of State,
Won for thy country's honor, simply Great !
Thy country hailed thee chiefest citizen,
The world proclaimed, "Behold the chief of Men !"

HON. CALEB CUSHING.

Attorney-General of the United States, Commissioner to China, Ambassador to Spain, Commissioner between the United States and Great Britain, etc. Read at his obsequies at Newburyport.

FEW men more versatile have played their part

On the world's shifting stage ; not even he
Whom glorious Dryden, with consummate
art,

Portrayed as "all mankind's epitome !"
Jurist profound, and in affairs of State
Of counsel apt ; a tried diplomatist,
Spain, China, England, felt his power insist
Upon his country's cause ; in strong debate
His fervid spirit led the fiery van ;
This scholar, versed in tongues, this earnest
man,

By studious toil who won the title "Great,"
A stormy course for Fame's proud guerdon
ran.

Through years not oft vouchsafed to human
kind

Still grandly towered the strength of Cushing's mind !

HUMBOLDT.

JUDGED by some shallow disbeliever's rule,
Illustrious Humboldt lived and died — a
fool!

No wiser in his state, or in his skill,
Than the poor laboring ant upon its hill;
Within that narrow circle only wise,
Earth's chief concern foregone, and all the
skies.

If thus the mind, that mastered Nature's
law,

No Mind Supreme that framed its order
saw,

The poorest implement of human art
Than boasted reason better plays its part.
That serves its end; but this, perversely
blind,

The height attains where dawn might clear
the mind,

But downward looks on every step it wins,
And shuts its eyes just where the day
begins!

A STATESMAN.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

STAUNCH at thy post, to meet life's common
doom,

It scarce seems death to die as thou hast died ;
Thy duty done, thy truth, strength, courage,
tried,

And all things ripe for the fulfilling tomb !
A crown would mock thy hearse's sable gloom,
Whose virtues raised thee higher than a
throne ;

Whose faults were erring Nature's, not his
own.

Such be thy sentence, writ with Fame's bright
plume,

Amongst the good and great ; for thou wast
great,

In thought, word, deed, — like mightiest ones
of old —

Full of the honest truth which makes men
bold ;

Wise, pure, firm, just ; the noblest Roman's
state

Beame not more a Ruler of the Free,
Than thy plain life, high thoughts, and
matchless constancy.

G. B. M.

BOUND TO SEA.

Jan. 25, 1865.

STAUNCH be the bark that bears you from
the land
You loved, but adverse Fate forbade to
save ;
Firm to confront the buffets of the wave,
And guarded safe from every noxious strand,
Fair be the gales that waft her ! to the hand
Of the Great Ruler of the shore and sea
We trust the precious charge ; might you
yet be
Graced with your country's hopes and high
command !
Ungrateful country ! once the proud and
free,
As you would have it ; and in coming
years,
Through the long train of woes and ills and
tears,
Yet to redeem its glorious destiny.
Brave, true, upright ! perchance your riper
age
Will write her record on its brightest page.

W. W. CORCORAN.

On his removal of the remains of John Howard Payne from Tunis to the United States, for burial under an appropriate monument, provided by Mr. Corcoran at Washington.

THE noblest heart enshrined in human breast
Conceived this generous thought; o'er dis-
tant seas,
From barbarous climes, dead relics such as
these
To bring within his native soil to rest!
No statesman's ashes, and no hero's crest
Claimed this high tribute from a princely
soul;
A poet's shade long hovered round the
knoll,
Where scarce a foot the sacred ground
imprest;
But in a million million homes of love,
Each hall and cottage oft resumed his strain,
And east, west, north, and south, where
exiles rove,
Thrilled on the sad, sad sea, or lonely plain;
Till round the world renewed, where pilgrims
roam,
From hill to vale re-echoes "Home, Sweet
Home!"

SONNETS.

PLURALITY OF WORLDS.

I KNOW not if those wondrous orbs of light
Which gaze upon us, like immortal eyes,
And with their sweet looks cheer the dark-
ling skies,
What time the shadowy hours lead on the
night,
Their courses keep, impenetrably bright,
For worlds and beings of another birth
Than we and ours, or only shed on earth
Infinite loveliness and deep delight;
Either were fit; but though beyond all sight,
Glorious they fill immeasurable space,
Enough that when He sought earth's ruined
race,
His heralds they, along the empyreal height,
And they his glittering pavement when he
trode
His path triumphant home, through heaven's
resplendent road.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH.

[Hanover, Plymouth County, Massachusetts, A.D. 1725-1883.]

As in Egyptian cerements dark and cold
The grain of wheat long ages can survive,

And newly planted in fresh earth will live
To thrust its bearded stalk from virgin mould,
So in this rigid soil our church of old
A century slumbered; but Faith's vital seed
Kept life in death: and in its hour of need
The Heavenly Shepherd watched his feeble
fold;

Nor art, nor violence of bigot foes
Could check the pious hope that winged the
soul,

Till in heaven's face this decent temple rose,
And on God's altar flamed its living coal;
Still the good pastor fans the fervid glow
Lit from that spark, how many a year ago!

RT. REV. MANTON EASTBURN, D.D.,

Bishop of Massachusetts.

HE was a man! In form and mind and soul
As few who wear the shape deserve the
name;

And his great title to that generous claim
Was his fulfilment of true manhood's whole.
A Gospel priest, his heart and lip the coal
From God's high altar warmed; faithful,
devout

His sacred place within; to things without
Using the world above the world's control.

Of good report a Bishop ; from his side
Malicious shafts fell harmless ; in his mien
Genial as charity ; behind no screen
He walked ; in open ways he lived and died.
How missed his look, his speech, his cordial
hand !
How mourned by all the good ! Blest will
his memory stand !

RELIGION.

“ DENY thyself ; ” what is it to deny ?
Ask thine own heart and its unhallowed fires ;
To sacrifice thyself and thy desires
Is but to bid thine evil nature die ;
To quell thy dearest foe ; thy worst ally
Shake, like a traitor, off ; the hold of sin
Victorious as a conqueror to win ;
To man the citadel for God, bid fly
Christ’s banner on the rampart ; to keep out
Hell and its fiery host, and to escape
Remorse, shame, dread, and every fearful
shape,
The heart’s temptation and the mind’s wild
doubt ;
To be Night’s watchman, but, with heaven-
ward eyes,
Harnessed and waiting for the orient skies.

PHILOSOPHY.

I LOOKED, last night, upon the burning stars;
The firmament was full of living light,
Glory and beauty; and the sapphire skies,
No more a veil of mystic loveliness,
But boundless and ethereal space immense,
Eternal spread, and through the Infinite
Rolled all its vast Infinitude of worlds.

This flaming arch, that bounds the visual
orb,
Faded away; the pillared concave broke;
Uncurtained, unpavilioned, vast and wide,
The bournelless gulf profound; yet, though
nor eye,
Nor thought could compass the amazing
depths,
Illimitable, known to God alone,
My soul, in space immeasurable poised
In disembodied thought, beheld this Earth,
And all the glorious company on high,
Orion and the chambers of the South,
Arcturus with his sons and Pleiades,
Roll pendent, 'mid their kindred moving
spheres,
And Faith seemed lost in sight!

From thee, O God !
One ray of simple wisdom lit my soul ;
From Thee, least understood, but most
believed
By him, who best surveys thy wondrous
works ;
By him, whose spirit still in search of Thee,
Groping no more upon this narrow plain,
But an Intelligence, of Thine a part,
Discerns enough of all thy glorious scheme,
To prove the finite mind incapable
To know of thy perfection ; yet enough,
To show Thou did'st create and must uphold,
In wisdom, power and goodness unconceived !

Thus, when the soul hath found itself, and
dimmed
By no false medium, fit communion holds
Direct with Heaven and its own destiny, —
Then looks the world, to the unshadowed
eye,
The nothing that it is ; its months, its years,
Its pomp, pride, pleasure, vanity and show,
Less than the shrivelled leaf before the gale.
But this existent principle within,
This living thought, this life that cannot
die,
Suited for converse with angelic hosts,

Heaven's holy company that never sinned,
And souls, redeemed by Thee, that sin no
more,
Owns its high kindred, with an instinct sure,
And adoration makes its chiefest love ;
Since up to Thee the spirit may aspire,
And can but find Thee, if it search aright !

Then let my heart seek Thee ! Be it enough
That Thou, O God ! through this whole
Universe,
Reignest Supreme ! That all by Thee up-
held,
All in Thy sight, from the remotest world,
Beyond the utmost stretch of farthest thought,
To the least atom on the globe we tread,
Is Thine ; Thy glorious work, Thy constant
care !
Thy rising sun comes ushering in the day ;
Thy starry band unveils the lovely night ;
It is Thy brightness when the flaming North
Its wavy streamers to the zenith flings ;
And those strange visitants which nations
dread,
Whose rapid flight along the blazing sky
Scatters amazement in their unknown course,
Thy hand controls, Thy wisdom guides them
all.

So, let my heart be still ! His deep designs
I may not fathom, nor presume to know ;
In his own time this rolling world may fall,
The elements with fervent heat dissolve,
The shrinking heavens from His presence flee,
His children find His love, His foes their doom.
But till His voice the uttered *Fiat* speak,
Nature and Time will stand ; the spheres
move on ;
The lovely seasons change ; day follow day,
Nor chance disturb the law which God
ordained !

Shall not, then, Earth, rejoicing that He
reigns,
Stand in His strength secure ? Oh, where-
fore need
Omens and warnings through the frighted
skies,
Were not our hearts incredulous and blind ?
Nature is full of warnings ! Earth and sky
Are types and shadows of immortal things !
From Winter's torpid sleep, like Nature's
death,
The gradual season wakes to life intense,
And, good by good evolving, as it moves,
With flower and fruit consummate crowns
the year.

Nor wise his heart, that may not thence
deduce

Nature's own teachings, lessons sweeter far
Than Spring's fair bud, or Autumn's perfect
prize.

This slumber that invites us to repose,
And locks our limbs in its serene embrace,
Yet often leaves the spirit free to roam
Through earth and heaven and hell's pro-
found abyss,

Pictures a death on every closing day ;
Yet death with life replete, that inextinct,
With the new morn but freshens and expands.
And thou, all-cheering sun ! who, on the wave
Minglest the blue with gold, the mottled
cloud

Clothest with brightness, and the spangled
earth

With every hue of glory and delight ;
Ye stars, that rise and set ; ye springing
flowers,

That dying but implant new seeds of life, —
Oh, if we were but wise, far less than
these,

Nature's most common, simplest, meanest
things,

Were to our hearts prophetic, as when earth,
Convulsed by Him, to its deep centre shakes !

And yet we will not learn. Our souls, that
might

Pant for the wings of seraphim ; on earth,
Once paradise, by sin our prison made,
The faint, sweet echoes of the golden harps
From bending heaven might almost hear, —
neglect

The light within, whose beams are light
indeed ;

Live in the outer darkness ; look on forms
But pierce not to the substance ; and, thus
dull,

If Nature kept her common course ; the day
Following the day, and night pursuing night,
The constant train of the revolving year
Ever the same, and our own natural death
Closing, by turns, our most insensate life, —
More stupid than the ox that knows his
crib,

We might forget that we were heirs of
heaven,

God's children, by a Father's providence
Led and entreated to secure the skies ;
Forget our souls, be of the clod a clod,
Grovelling, incapable of heaven !

But He

Sends the dread earthquake and the fearful
storm,

Lightnings and thunderings, speaking with
His voice,
The pestilence, that makes the nations
faint,
Famine's fell scourge and slaughter's direful
sword ;
Lights the volcano with its signal fire,
Steers the wild hurricane's resistless sweep,
And soul-addressed, soul-wakening, soul-con-
ceived,
Makes what he utters on the sea-beat shore
Speak ever to the heart ? And, kinder
still,
Since Reason, proud of its domain, pre-
sumes
To question these His ways ; and habitude
Perceives no present God in all His works,
His portents tell of Him ; His flaming arch
At midnight, spans the startled heaven ; He
shakes
Stars from their spheres ; His blazing meteors
fly ;
And the strange comet, phantom of the air,
Far off, the midway sky illuminates,
And, spectral, speeds, mysterious and un-
known !
Awful and rare, as spirit-forms that glide
When He permits, along this lower world,

To shame our faithless hearts, in reason's
spite;

If seen more frequent, and familiar grown,
Powerless, perchance, as Nature's marvels
now,

To link with Heaven our unbelieving souls,
That trust not things miraculous as these;
And, if permitted oft, would scarce receive
An embassy commissioned from the grave!

Yet were our hearts more pure, the worship
held

More than the temple, and our spirits strong
Ourselves to master; then we still might
hear

His voice, as Adam heard; like Jacob strive
With His own angel, walk as Enoch, when
God took him; or be like Elijah rapt
By Israel's fiery chariot to the skies! ¹⁷



PSALM I.

BLEST is the man that hath not walked
In counsel with the ungodly band,
Who feared to sit where scorners talked,
Or in the sinners' way to stand.

But ever in thy holy law
He finds, O Lord, his chief delight,
Doth thence his daily comfort draw,
And meditates thereon by night.

Just as a tree that set between
The streams of waters bears its fruit,
So his unwithered leaf is seen,
And blessings crown his wholesome root.

And thus he prospers all his days,
But the ungodly are not so, —
As driven through unstable ways
Like chaff before the wind they go.

Therefore, cannot the men of sin
In judgment meet thy just demand,
Or seek thy sacred courts, or in
Thy house with holy reverence stand.

Well knows the Lord his children's way,
And is their sure defence and guide,
While sinners vainly run their day,
And do but perish in their pride.

THE TIME OF NEED.

IN time of need to Thee I cry ;
Yet ere my faltering lips can plead,
My conscious spirit gives reply —
“Lord ! when is not the time of need ?”

The first faint glow of dawning life,
The bloom of youth and manhood’s prime,
And wearied age, that quits the strife
Of mortal toils, declare the time.

The time — when trust in earthly powers
Grows weak ’mid ills of gathering speed.—
But oh, the gladdest flight of hours
Supremest crowns the time of need.

Each day some new temptation tries
To wreck my faith, my hope defeat ;
And every moment, as it flies,
Would lure me from thy mercy-seat.

But, gracious Lord ! in life and death,
In joy or grief, be this my heed —
My earliest and my latest breath
Bound one unceasing time of need.

H Y M N

FOR A PUBLIC OCCASION.

WHEN war's dread trumpets sound alarms,
And kindling nations rush to arms,
THEE they invoke, through all their coasts,
By thy great name, THE LORD OF HOSTS !

Through age on age, by Thee controlled,
The stormy tide of battle rolled,
And Victory, in immortal light,
Unfurled her standard for the Right.

At thy right hand, eternal Truth
Stands, crowned and armed, in strength and
youth ;
And Freedom bides the battle-shock,
By Thee, her fortress and her rock.

In darkest hours, when foes of Good
In conflict with her champions stood,
Thy conquest broke the sons of Ill,
And bent the nations to thy will.

For this, our sires, in *ancient* days,
To Thee, their refuge, brought the praise ;
And now, descended *honor* brings
New tribute to the King of kings !

PSALM XLVI.

OUR strength and refuge is our God,
A present help in every fear ;
No ill can reach our fixed abode,
In seas though mountains disappear.

What though the swelling waters roar,
And shake the mountains to their base,
A gentle stream for evermore
Makes glad his city's holy-place.

In vain the heathen raged around
The courts where dwells the Lord most
high ;
He spake — earth melted at the sound, —
Right early was our succor nigh.

Come, see what wonders God hath wrought !
He bade the jarring nations cease ;
The swords and spears with which they
fought,
He brake, and turned their wars to peace.

“ Be sure,” he said, “ that I am God !
All earth shall own my sovereign will,” —
The Lord of hosts is our abode,
And Jacob's God our refuge still !

EPHESIANS VI.

TRAVELLING on the King's highway
Far I seek the heavenly gate ;
Dangers threatening all the day,
Foes and fears the night await.

Yet the city must be won,
Lord, for thy subduing might !
Gird for me my armor on,
Make me ready for the fight.

Outward many a deadly toil,
Deadlier still the snares within,
Lord, wilt thou my tempters foil,
Baffle Satan, conquer sin.

Ever close my loins around
Clasp thy Truth, as on I press,
And be still my breastplate found
All complete in Righteousness.

Conflicts throng the thorny road,
Friends will fail and foes increase ;
Bid my pilgrim feet be shod,
Well prepared with Gospel peace.

More than all, before my heart
Help me hold the shield of Faith,
This shall quench each fiery dart,
Vanquish hell and conquer death.

Be Salvation's helmet mine,
And for my triumphant sword,
Grasping, never to resign
God's eternal conquering Word.

Thus in armor would I stay,
Praying still and watching fast,
Travel through the King's highway,
Reach the heavenly gate at last.



H Y M N.

INSTANT before His throne
Uncounted hosts of light,
In anthems of immortal tone
With strains of heaven unite.

The holy cherub choir
Attend with folded wing,
And seraphs, tuned to hymns of fire,
In concert with them sing.

The archangelic band
One voice in chorus raise,
And while with faces veiled they stand
Recount their Maker's praise.

There saints, once sinners, meet,
Elders and kings adore,
Cast crowns and honors at his feet,
And worship evermore.

Eternal are their songs,
Eternal is their joy,
To Goodness Infinite belongs
Their infinite employ.

O holy, happy souls !
Where bliss is perfect good,
Nor past recedes, nor future rolls,
Nor sin nor care intrude.

Our years are grief and sin,
How brief their measure given !
Yet grudge we hours that lose or win
Eternity and heaven !

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

How hallowed grew the night,
When the auspicious light
Of heaven, descending, shone along the
plain,
And wondering shepherds heard
The soul-inspiring word
That swelled, exultant, the celestial strain !

What though all earth was still,
And no ecstatic thrill
In wakening lands the gracious message
hailed —
Yet through heaven's highest cope
Echoed immortal hope,
And hell's dark caves beneath trembled and
wailed !

“ Peace and good-will to earth,
For, lo, a Saviour's birth ! ”
So the high song addressed the simple
swains —
“ The gates of life again
Open to guilty men,
For God, the God of love, eternal reigns ! ”

Let, then, creation sing —
“Hail, sovereign Priest and King !
Blest be thy holy name and holy word ;
Hail, Son of God most high,
Helper forever nigh,
Hail, Prince of Peace and universal Lord !”

“PASS ON, RELENTLESS WORLD.”

1840.

SWIFTER and swifter, day by day,
Down time's unquiet current hurled,
Thou passest on thy restless way,
Tumultuous and unstable world !
Thou passest on ! Time hath not seen
Delay upon thy hurried path,
And prayers and tears alike have been
In vain to stay thy course of wrath !

Thou passest on, and with thee go
The loves of youth, the cares of age,
And smiles and tears and joy and woe
Are on thy history's troubled page ;
There every day, like yesterday,
Writes hopes that end in mockery ;
But who shall tear the veil away
Before the abyss of things to be ?

Thou passest on ! and at thy side,
Even as a shade oblivion treads,
And o'er the dreams of human pride
His misty shroud forever spreads ;
Where all thine iron hand hath traced
Upon that gloomy scroll to-day,
With records ages since effaced,
Like them shall live, like them decay.

Thou passest on ; with thee the vain,
Who sport upon thy flaunting blaze,
Pride framed of dust, and folly's train,
Who court thy love and run thy ways ;
But thou and I,— and be it so,—
Press onward to eternity ;
Yet not together let us go
To that deep-voiced but shoreless sea.

Thou hast thy friends,— I would have mine ;
Thou hast thy thoughts,— leave me my
own ;
I kneel not at thy gilded shrine,
I bow not at thy slavish throne ;
I see thee pass without a sigh,—
They wake no swelling raptures now,
The fierce delights that fire thine eye,
The triumphs of thy haughty brow.

Pass on, relentless world ! I grieve
No more for all that thou hast riven ;
Pass on, in God's name, — only leave
The things thou never yet hast given ;
A heart at ease, a mind at home,
Affections fixed above thy sway,
Faith set upon a world to come,
And patience through life's little day.

H Y M N.

From the German of Hardenberg.¹⁸

IF I only have my Saviour,
If my Lord be only mine,
If my heart refuse to waver,
Holding fast his truth divine,
Then, how lightly o'er my bosom
Pass the pains that others feel,
Every thought a heavenly blossom,
Love and joy and holy zeal !

If I have my Saviour only,
All the rest I gladly leave,
Through the world a pilgrim lonely,
Him I follow, Him believe ;

Loyal to my only master,
Calm I see the wildered maze,
Where they hurry, fast and faster,
Down the world's broad crowded ways.

If my Saviour be beside me,
Oh, how sweet my soul's repose !
Nothing ill can e'er betide me,
Joy my life, and peace its close,
Streams from out his heart forever,
All my glad refreshings give ;
Spring of plenty, bounteous river,
All may taste and drink and live.

If I only have my Saviour,
Safe I call the world my own ;
Earth, how vain thy best endeavor
Is to tear me from His throne ;
Oh, the bright and glorious vision,
By His lovely presence given, —
Trials changed for full fruition,
Fear to trust, and earth for heaven.

Where I have my only Saviour,
There my home and country is ;
Stranger else, but now forever
Heir of all creation's bliss,

Joined with Him, I meet before Him
All I loved and lost before ;
Waiting spirits they adore Him,
Love and bless forevermore.

SONNET.

1 CORINTHIANS XX.

O FOOL ! to judge that He who from the earth
Created man, cannot his frame restore,
The scattered elements from every shore
Call back and clothe with a celestial birth !
See from its sheath the buried seed break
forth,
Blade, stalk, leaf, bud, and now the perfect
flower,
Changing, and yet the same ; and of His
power
A token each ; and art thou counted worth
Less than the meanest herb ? changed from
the dust,
And little lower than the angels made ;
More changed by sin, to death itself be-
trayed,
Yet heir of heaven by an immortal trust !
Doubter unwise in reason's narrow school,
Well might the great Apostle say, "Thou
fool!"

THE PHILOSOPHERS.

“ *Tὸν χαλὸν.*”

THROUGHOUT the world in vain, in vain they
sought
Some solid good to fill the restless mind;
The long desired, but still unfound, to find,
The heart’s last refuge and the goal of
thought;
What in its depths the burning soul has
wrought
Of visions moulded with consuming fire,
And all that sprang spontaneous to the
lyre,
In harmonies of golden words they caught;
Upon the mountain-top, where silence
broods,
They questioned of the stars; and by the
shore
Asked of its waves, and pondered all the
lore
Of peopled plain, or taught in solemn
woods;
Without, — within, — alas, how vain the
quest!
Nor mind, nor nature breathed heaven’s
holiest whisper, — REST.

H Y M N.

"Forever with the Lord."

FOREVER with the Lord,—
O thought of joy divine !
The loss of Eden's fall restored
And heaven forever mine.

To win this priceless grace
Jesus, my Saviour, died ;
Wide as the ruin of our race
The ransom He supplied.

Salvation's wondrous boon,—
O soul-reviving word !
O light of heaven's eternal noon,
Forever with the Lord !

His love, while ages roll,
Supremely all our own,
And every transport of the soul.
Immortal as his throne.

No thought of things to mourn
Those holy realms afford,
Unto thy rest, my soul, return,
Forever with the Lord !

CHRISTIANITY.

SEE in the East a STAR ! the orient shade,
Unfolding, ushers heaven's unwonted gleam ;
And now the holy light its gracious beam
Rests o'er the place where the young child is
laid.

Behold, the wise men come,—with gifts dis-
played,

Gold, myrrh, frankincense,—while on Beth-
lehem's plain

The shepherds catch, enraptured though
afraid,

Of heaven's high host the reassuring strain.

Death, in the shadow of his valley's gloom

Apparent king, hears the glad sound,—and
dies,—

“Immortal life”! shouts the reopening
tomb,—

“Immortal life!” the exulting host replies !
Nature's long doubt is solved ; that light
from far

Still brightening kindles faith — lo, in the
East a STAR.

MATTHEW XXI. 5.

HE comes, a King ! what splendors gird him round,
Jewel and sceptre and the circled gold !
What hosts, what princes of the realm of old, —
The chafing squadron and the clang ing sound !
A king ! not such his advent ! to the ground
Cast palms and garments, and hosannas sing ;
This is the Lord of heaven ! creation's King !
Yet pomp nor state his earthly throne surround ;
His throng the poor and humble, sons of shame,
Who crowd his steps and on his message wait ;
A beggar's beast his seat to Zion's gate,
And these his triumphs and his might proclaim ;
No earthly kingdom thine or homage vain ;
Throned in the heart alone, O Lord, thy sovereign reign !

SEASHORE IDYL.

WHERE the creek with bubbling brim
Flows along the meadow's rim,
Speeding through its devious course
As the current lends it force ;
There uprising, close at hand,
Springs the stretch of tawny sand,
Echoing to the stormy clash,
As on the beach wild waters dash ;
While rising cliffs, on either hand,
Enclose and bound the circling strand.
Here, where tides incessant pour
Crested billows on the shore,
Oft the bathers, boys and girls,
Sport with frolic breakers' curls,
While their guardians, perched above,
Watch them with the eyes of love,
Lest some wave's impulsive clasp
Fold them in its fatal grasp ;
And of ships, that come and go,
Evermore a gallant show !
Not far off, upon their way
The white sails gleam across the bay.
Here the mossers' shanties save
What the ocean-harvest gave.

Idly now his long-tossed boat
Rests, that wonted erst to float.
Where the rippling eddies sweep
Round the rocks beneath the deep.
When the summer tide is low,
Must his dancing dory go,
Be it midnight, or ere dawn
Scatters mists on shore and lawn ;
Or when noon, with fervent heats,
On the glancing water beats ;
Early matters not, or late,
With his sturdy dame for mate ;
While the young ones, snug and warm,
Sleep at morn; secure from harm.
Fishers, too, with handy craft,
Beat, or take the breeze abaft,
Scour the coast that lines the bay,
And hoist on board their dripping prey.

But how changed grows all the scene,
On the wide-spread meadow green,
Close behind the beach, not far
From the surge's battling jar,
While the creek, with gentle flow,
Murmurs ever, soft and low.

There the mower, strong and lithe,
Swings and sweeps his circling scythe ;

Or the searching rake he plies,
Till long gathered windrows rise ;
While his neighbor's spreading-fork
Helps along the steady work,
Till the haycocks, coned and brown,
Like small isles the meadows crown.
Now and then a marsh-bird springs,
And his plaintive whistle rings ;
Then the mower snatches quick
Shot-gun hid beneath the rick,
Aims, — but with that brief delay
Snipe or plover soars away.

Soon from some more inland plain
Lumbers down the farmer's wain ;
Oft his horse's hoofs encased
In meadow-shoes securely laced ;
Where such slumpy ground imbeds
Slimmer feet, he safely treads ;
Drags the high-piled wagon on
Till the solid earth be won ;
Soon within the homestead yard
Quaint haystacks his toil reward.

Often, when the storm-king's blast
Shakes sea-caverns, deep and vast,
Strips from out its rocky bed
Kelp, by waves on beaches spread,

Then the farm-boy drives his team
Where long heaps in sunlight gleam,
And rejoicing hauls it home,
Snatched from the reluctant foam ;
And the sea-born treasure yields
Bounteous gain to bless his fields.

But the meadows, lately seen
Fresh in ripest summer green,
And with wandering voices glad
Silent now, with aspect sad,
Spreads a flat and lonely marsh,
Hears not, far, the echoes harsh
Rise with ocean's ebb and flow,
While the creek runs soft and low.

But, apart from the sea-cry,
When the winds and waves are high ;
Or glee of children at their play,
As from school they burst away ;
Or, perchance, from lonely bark
Of true watch-dog, in the dark ;
Or, ere dawn, the echoed cheer
Of day's early chanticleer ;
Or some wagon's distant din
On the highway, clattering in ;
Or morn's harmony, that floats
From forest depths, in myriad notes ;

Or scream of some night heron, gaunt,¹⁹
Soaring from his sedgy haunt ;
Throughout all the region round
Broods a stillness so profound,
That scarce other voice more rude
May on the studious muse intrude ;
While the creek's melodious flow
Runs forever, soft and low.

N O T E S.



NOTES.

NOTE 1. PAGE 54.

It was after his retirement from the Presidency that the fine of \$1,000, imposed upon Gen. Jackson, when in military command at New Orleans, by an upright magistrate, was remitted by Congress. The poem was written while the proposition for the remission was before Congress. The veteran himself had made no formal request for it; but the bill passed. The fine itself had been discharged, at the time of the judgment, by citizens of New Orleans.

NOTE 2. PAGE 65.

The harbor of Scituate, Mass., is not very spacious, but still large enough to accomodate many vessels. It is so conveniently situated, about midway between Boston and Cape Cod, that the United States has commenced operations intended to constitute it a harbor of refuge for vessels in distress. At present the water on the bar is too shoal to admit craft drawing more than about ten feet of water, at ordinary times of tide. But in an easterly gale, when the water is driven towards the harbor, which faces nearly east, much larger ships have entered it with little or no damage. In fact, various instances have occurred when vessels of several hundred tons burthen, under a master acquainted with the place, have escaped from a north-easterly gale by running safely into Scituate Harbor at a favorable time of tide.

NOTE 3. PAGE 68.

A "retort courteous" to the following epigram, which went the rounds of the newspapers some years since, under the name of Thomas Campbell, Esq.: —

"United States ! your banner wears
Two emblems: one of fame;
Alas, the other that it bears
Reminds us of your shame !

"The white man's liberty, in types,
Stands blazoned by your stars;
But what's the meaning of your stripes ?
They mean your negroes' scars."

By "meteor light" reference is made to "The meteor flag of England," in Mr. Campbell's spirited poem, "Ye mariners of England," etc.

NOTE 4. PAGE 69.

A celebration took place at Deerfield on the 17th of September, 1875, in commemoration of the massacre of Bloody Brook, more than two hundred years ago. It seems that, on the occasion in question, Captain Lothrop with eighty young men — "the flower of Essex County" — under his command, and a number of teams, marched from Hadley to gather and bring in a quantity of grain from Deerfield. On their return they stopped to pluck grapes near the stream, afterwards known as Bloody Brook. Here they were assailed by a body of Indians, numbering seven or eight hundred, who were lying in wait for their approach. A brief but desperate conflict took place. Seventy of the young men were slain, and afterwards buried in one grave. "Never," says a historian of the period, "had the country seen such a bloody hour." It is said there was scarcely a family in Essex which did not feel the blow. Major Treat at Hadley, and Captain Moseley at Deerfield, hastened to the field, too late to save their comrades, but fell upon the Indians, routed them, and slew ninety-six of their number. In a recent account the *Springfield Union* says: "That night Treat and Moseley and their men slept in the Deerfield garrisons, and next day returned to Bloody Brook to gather up the bodies of their beloved comrades. One of them, Robert Dutch, of Ipswich, left for dead the day before both by the whites and Indians, and who was stark naked, rose, and, with his face covered with blood, proved to be alive. He lived many years thereafter."

NOTE 5. PAGE 78.

A GREEK SONG.—In a former number of this magazine appeared a “Song of Spring,” of which the refrain was the Greek words 'Ηλθ', ἤλθε χελιδών — that is, “The swallow has come, has come.” The whole song is given in a work by Athenæus (about A.D. 300) called *Δειπνοσοφισται* (or the supper of the learned men), at which various characters are introduced, who entertain each other with anecdotes and wise sayings. Amongst the rest was the celebrated physician Galen. At this repast a Greek song was recited, said to have been in use by the boys of the island of Rhodes, at the coming of the swallow, the harbinger of spring, on which occasion they went about the town, calling themselves “The Swallows,” and soliciting gifts. It is a very curious fact, that a similar practice once prevailed, if it does not now, in parts, at least, of New England, when children, partially disguised, visited the houses of neighbors and friends on the evening before Thanksgiving day for a similar purpose, often thus promoting pleasant surprise and merriment. There have been English translations of the “Swallow-song,” as it may be called, but, so far as seen by the present translator, they are merely imitations. He has attempted to render this lively strain as literally as the genius of the two languages permits. His version consists of eighteen lines; the Greek has nineteen, but sometimes of only two words. — *From Harper's Magazine.*

NOTE 6. PAGE 79.

Return of the rowing crew of Harvard College, Mass., from their match with the crew of Oxford University, England.

NOTE 7. PAGE 80.

Of late years it is well known that many Englishmen of rank and fortune have travelled in the United States, and millions of acres of land in our western country have come into their possession through their agents.

NOTE 8. PAGE 97.

Of this ode and the preceding one, "Ad Lydiam," the learned Scaliger said that he "had rather have written them than to be king of Arragon;" a division of Spain, in his day, proverbial for its greatness.

NOTE 9. PAGE 105.

"— and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare."
— *Milton, Sonnet.*

NOTE 10. PAGE 111.

The translations of this famous passage by Pope and Tennyson are here subjoined:—

ACHILLES OVER THE TRENCH.

ILIAD, XVIII. 202.

So saying light-foot Iris pass'd away,
Then rose Achilles dear to Zeus; and round
The warrior's puissant shoulders Pallas flung
Her fringed aegis, and around his head
The glorious goddess wreath'd a golden cloud,
And from it lighted an all-shining flame.
As when smoke from a city goes to heaven
Far off from out an island girt by foes.
All day the men contend in grievous war
From their own city, and with set of sun
Their fires flame thickly, and aloft the glare
Flies streaming, if perchance the neighbors round
May see, and sail to help them in the war;
So from his head the splendor went to heaven.
From wall to dyke he stept, he stood, nor joined
The Achæans — honoring his wise mother's word —
There standing, shouted; Pallas far away
Call'd: and a boundless panic shook the foe.
For like the clear voice when a trumpet shrills,
Blown by the fierce beleaguerers of a town,
So rang the clear voice of Æakides;

And when the brazen cry of Æakides
 Was heard among the Trojans, all their hearts
 Were troubled and the full-manned horses whirl'd
 The chariots backward, knowing griefs at hand;
 And sheer-astounded were the charioteers
 To see the dread, unwearable fire
 That always o'er the great Peleion's head
 Burnt, for the bright-eyed goddess made it burn.
 Thrice from the dyke he sent his mighty shout,
 Thrice backward reeled the Trojans and allies;
 And there and then twelve of their noblest died
 Among their spears and chariots.

Alfred Tennyson.

ACHILLES OVER THE TRENCH.

She spoke and passed in air, the hero rose;
 Her aegis Pallas o'er his shoulder throws;
 Around his brows a golden cloud she spread;
 A stream of glory flamed above his head.
 As when from some beleaguered town arise
 The smokes high curling to the shaded skies,
 (Seen from some island, or the main afar,
 When men, distressed, hang out the sign of war;)
 Soon as the sun in ocean hides his rays,
 Thick on the hills the flaming beacons blaze;
 With long projected beams the seas are bright.
 And heaven's high arch reflects the ruddy light.
 So from Achilles' head the splendors rise,
 Reflecting blaze on blaze against the skies.
 Forth march'd the chief, and, distant from the crowd;
 High on the rampart rais'd his voice aloud;
 With her own shout Minerva swells the sound;
 Troy starts astonish'd, and the shores rebound.
 As the loud trumpet's brazen mouth from far,
 With thrilling clangor sounds th' alarm of war,
 Struck from the walls the echoes float on high,
 And the round bulwarks and thick towers reply,
 So high his brazen voice the hero rear'd;
 Hosts drop their arms and trembled as they heard;
 And back their chariots roll and coursers bound,
 And steeds and men lie mingled on the ground;

Aghast they see the living lightnings play,
 And turn their eyeballs from the flashing ray.
 Thrice from the trench his dreadful voice he raised,
 And thrice they fled, confounded and amazed;
 Twelve, in the tumult wedg'd, untimely rush'd
 On their own spears, by their own chariots crushed.

Alexander Pope.

NOTE 11. PAGE 145.

The constellation of the Swan, it will be observed, forms a large and nearly perfect cross.

NOTE 12. PAGE 148.

ANOTHER DISCLOSURE.—At a public meeting in Hartford, Conn., W. Hammersley, Esq., of that city, a well-known citizen, stated that “a clergyman, an old friend of Mr. Stanton, wrote to that official after the battle of Antietam, asking of him an explanation of the seeming opposition of the administration to McClellan, and their repeated failure to co-operate with him in his plans? Mr. Stanton replied in a letter of eight pages, *admitting that the government had not sustained McClellan*, and attempting to *justify* the fact by alleging as a reason that McClellan was becoming too popular with the army! and that the ‘good of the cause’ (the re-election of Lincoln) ‘required that he should be crushed! ’ ”

“This letter,” said Mr. Hammersley, “I know to be in existence.”—*New York paper.*

NOTE 13. PAGE 175.

This famous ode is by an uncertain author, though usually attributed to a poet named Callistratus. It has been often assigned to Alcaeus, who appears, however, to have flourished some eighty years before the event which it commemorates. The ode is full of the simple and old Greek nerve and spirit, and I find it translated in Bland’s Anthology (Merivale’s edition, London, 1833), by Lord Denman, late Chief Justice of England, but in a manner which seems to me to deprive it of all its ancient fire. I had not seen Lord Denman’s, or any other, when this was written. His is ap-

pended, in two efforts, which seem a little vapid, and which fail to give the sense and spirit of the original. This is the first :

“ I'll wreath my sword in myrtle bough,
The sword that laid the tyrant low,
When patriots, burning to be free,
To Athens gave equality.

“ Harmodius, hail ! though 'reft of breath,
Thou ne'er shalt feel the stroke of death;
The heroes' happy isles shall be
The bright abode allotted thee.

“ I'll wreath my sword in myrtle bough,
The sword that laid Hipparchus low,
When at Minerva's adverse fane
He knelt and never rose again.

“ While Freedom's name is understood,
You shall delight the wise and good;
You dared to set your country free,
And gave her laws Equality.”

Naturally, as might be thought, not much satisfied with his first attempt, which was little more than a mere prosaic paraphrase of this splendid ode, he tried again, and this version was not much better. Here it is :

“ In myrtle my sword I will wreath,
Like our patriots the noble and brave,
Who devoted the tyrant to death,
And to Athens equality gave.

“ Lov'd Harmodius, thou never shalt die !
The poets exultingly tell
That thine is the fulness of joy,
Where Achilles and Diomed dwell.

“ In myrtle my sword I will wreath,
Like our patriots, noble and brave,
Who devoted Hipparchus to death,
And buried his pride in the grave.

“At the altar the tyrant they seized,
While Minerva he vainly implored,
And the Goddess of Wisdom was pleased
With the victim of Liberty’s sword.

“May your bliss be immortal on high,
Among men as your glory shall be!
Ye doomed the usurper to die,
And bade our dear country be free.”

Saying nothing of such rhymes as “bough” and “low,” “wreathe” and “death,” it will be evident enough to those who are acquainted with the original, that these versions fail altogether to give the real sense and spirit of the Greek.

It may be remarked that the Greek passage in the first line does not imply that the sword was wreathed in myrtle, as a sign of triumph, but was covered by the myrtle by way of concealment. The following is a literal prose translation:

“Covered by a branch of myrtle will I carry my sword, as did Harmodius and Aristogeiton, when they slew the tyrant and made Athens the seat of equal laws.

“Dearest Harmodius! you have not yet died; they say you are in the Islands of the Blest; where still is the swift-footed Achilles, and, as they also say, is the brave Diomed, son of Tydenus.

“Wreathed with a branch of myrtle will I carry my sword, as did Harmodius and Aristogeiton, when, at the Athenian sacrifices, they slew the man, the tyrant Hipparchus.

“Forever will your glory endure, dearest Harmodius and Aristogeiton, because ye slew the tyrant and made equal laws for Athens.”

NOTE 14. PAGE 197.

Suggested by a passage in Carlyle’s “Life of Frederic II.”

NOTE 15. PAGE 215.

ARNAULT’S WITHERED LEAF.—In the fables of Antoine Victor Arnault—a French poet of the last century—there

is one, well known to readers of French, which is remarkable for its pathetic simplicity and beauty. It is called the " Withered Leaf," and we quote it in the original:—

" De ta tige détachée,
 Pauvre feuille dessechée,
 Où vas-tu? — Je n'en sais rien.
 L'orage a frappé le chêne
 Qui seul était mon soutien.
 De son inconstante haleine,
 Le zéphyr où l'aquilon
 Depuis ce jour me promène
 De la forêt à la plaine,
 De la montagne au vallon.
 Je vais où le vent me mène,
 Sans me plaindre ou m'effrayer;
 Je vais où va toute chose,
 Où va la feuille de rose
 Et la feuille de laurier."

A translation of this into Italian was made by the distinguished Italian poet, Leopardi, which, though he names it an imitation, preserves much of the peculiar tone of the original:—

" Lungi dal proprio ramo,
 Povera foglia frale,
 Dov'è vai tu? — Dal faggio
 La dov' io nacqui mi divise il vento.
 Esso, tornado, a volo
 Dal bosco alla campagna,
 Dalla valle mi porta alla montagna.
 Seco perpetuamente
 Vo pellegrina, e tutto l' altro ignoro;
 Vo dov' ogni altra cosa;
 Dov'è naturalmente
 Va la foglia di rosa,
 E la foglia d'alloro."

Lord Macaulay made the following English version, which is to be found in his later miscellanies:—

" Thou poor leaf, so sere and frail,
 Sport of every wanton gale,
 Whence, and whither, dost thou fly,
 Through this bleak, autumnal sky?

On a noble oak I grew,
 Green, and broad, and fair to view;
 But the monarch of the shade
 By the tempest low was laid.
 From that time I wander o'er
 Wood and valley, hill and moor,
 Wheresoe'er the wind is blowing,
 Nothing caring, nothing knowing;
 Thither go I, whither goes
 Glory's laurel, Beauty's rose."

This has the defect of some of Macaulay's writings, of being too rhetorical. Arnault, in his simple lines, has nothing of "bleak autumnal skies," nor of "noble oaks," nor of "monarch of the shade," nor of "Glory's laurel and Beauty's rose." Fifteen years ago one of our own poets, Mr. Bryant, tried his hand upon the little poem, with this success:—

"Faded, severed from thy bough,
 Poor leaf! whither goest thou?
 Ask me not; my parent oak
 Lately felt the tempest's stroke.
 Since that moment, every gale
 From the wood to fields below,
 From the mountains to the vale,
 Bears me on, a withered leaf,
 Wheresoe'er the wind may blow,
 Wandering without fear or grief,
 I but go where all things go.
 Where the rose's leaf, at last,
 And the laurel's leaf are cast."

A later American [English?] version we find in Miss Edwards's small volume of poetry, entitled "Ballads," recently published by Carleton, as follows:—

"Parted from thy native bough,
 Whither, whither goest thou,
 Leaflet frail?
 From the oak tree where I grew
 In the vale;
 From the woods all wet with dew
 Lo! the wind hath torn me!"

Over hill and plain he flew,
And hither he hath borne me.
With him wandering for aye,
Until he forsakes me,
I with many others stray,
Heedless where he takes me ; —
Where the leaf of laurel goes,
And the leaflet of the rose."

New York Evening Post.

It may seem venturesome to attempt another translation of this simple but pretty piece, which has been tried by so many hands; but it was thought susceptible of a more literal rendering into English than in either of the preceding.

NOTE 16. PAGE 224.

THE FIRST ECLOGUE OF VIRGIL, LITERALLY TRANSLATED. — This Eclogue consists of a conversation between two Roman shepherds, Tityrus and Melibœus. The latter is leaving his native region, from which he has been expelled by a military intruder. Driving his tired flock before him, he encounters Tityrus, a neighboring shepherd, who is quietly amusing himself as described in the poem. Like multitudes of others, Melibœus, at the end of the civil war which established the young Octavius, afterwards Augustus Cæsar, on the throne, was compelled to leave his farm and home and to flee elsewhere, perhaps to a distant and foreign land. Both these men belonged to that class of bondsmen employed by the wealthier Romans as husbandmen and shepherds. Tityrus, at an advanced period of life, finding himself dispossessed by one of the new men, went to Rome and by the intercession of a friend at court was re-established in his possessions. This Eclogue is reckoned in part an allegory, referring to Virgil's own fortunes, he having been turned out of his farm by a Roman officer, and having regained it through the influence of a friend with Augustus. The tone of the dialogue is simple and pastoral, and often plaintively affecting. The parallel between its narrative and a part of the more recent history of this repnblic will be observed; though we must remark that, so far as we have

known, the lands of those residing in the insurrectionary districts have been obtained not by soldiers, but more by a class of civilians, commonly styled "scallawags" and "carpet-baggers." It is for whatever parallel appears between the Roman period and our own, that we have taken pains to translate the Eclogue, line for line. American Republicanism and Roman despotism, as referred to in the Eclogue, thus serve to illustrate one another.

It is stated that the number of claims on file at Washington, for reparation for property seized, under the war administration, belonging to persons not engaged in the rebellion, amounts to 20,176, the property in question being valued at \$10,020,000.

NOTE 17. PAGE 248.

The chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof. — 2
Kings ii. 12.

NOTE 18. PAGE 259.

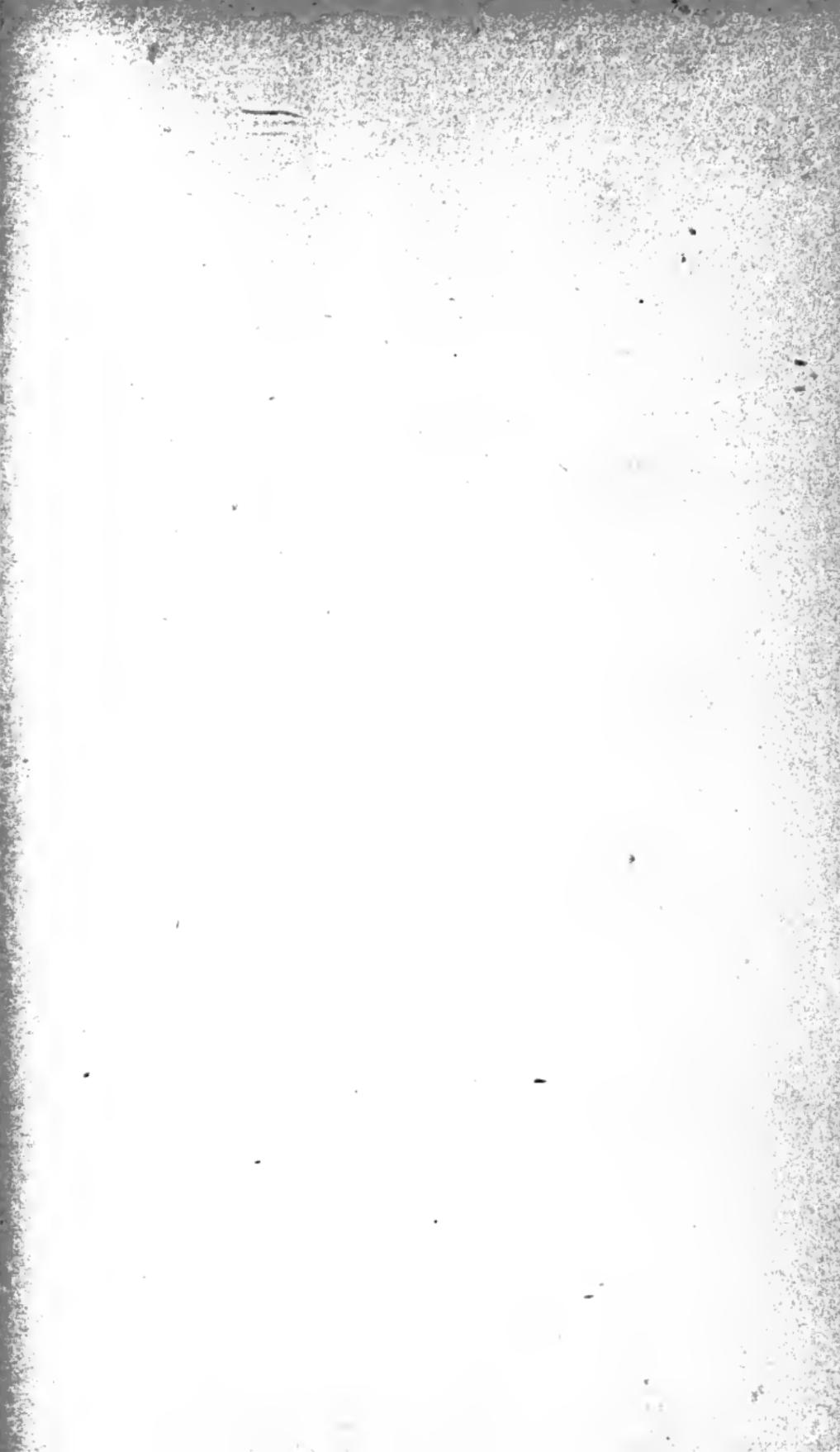
The author feels bound to acknowledge only the most superficial acquaintance with the German language or its literature. The following, therefore, must account for the origin of the translation in question. Quite a number of years ago, a retired Unitarian clergyman published in a daily journal a prose version of the hymn, expressing a hope that some one would versify it. Struck by the circumstances of the case, as well as by the uncommon power of the production, the author was inspired to make the attempt. In regard to several of the rhymes made use of, namely, "waver," "endeavor," and "forever," with "Saviour," it may be remarked that the English language admits of no others appropriate to the case; and that those are as allowable as many employed by Dr. Watts, Cowper, and other hymnists. For example, there seem to be only two English words to rhyme precisely with "Saviour," namely, *behavior* and *pavior*. A remarkable instance of rhymes not exactly perfect, but which will scarcely provoke criticism, occurs in a famous passage of Moore's poems; in which not one termination absolutely accords with the other: —

“A boat at midnight sent alone
To drift upon a moonless sea,
A lute whose leading chord is gone,
A wounded bird that has but one
Imperfect wing to soar upon,
Are like what I am without thee.”

NOTE 19. PAGE 270.

Our native poets are in error by attributing the “long deep boom” of the European bittern to our American bittern or lesser heron, sometimes called the “qua-bird,” because of his short, shrill note, somewhat similar to a *caw*.









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